



Also: *Tommy* TOMORROW SPACE PLANETEER



ACTION COMICS

APR.
NO. 191

10c

FEATURING AN
AMAZING STORY...

**"CALLING
'DOCTOR'
SUPERMAN!"**

YOU WON'T NEED
THAT LAMP, DOC!
THE LIGHT'S ON
AGAIN--YOU CAN
CONTINUE WITH
YOUR OPERATION!



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Amateurs only! Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by March 31, 1954. None returned. Winners notified.

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(Please Print) 3

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ APT. _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
COUNTY _____ STATE _____
OCCUPATION _____
AGE _____ PHONE _____

SUPERMAN

YOU'VE SAVED A LIFE,
SUPERMAN! THERE'S A VERY
SICK MAN IN THAT FARM-
HOUSE, AND I DON'T KNOW
HOW I'D HAVE REACHED HIM,
WITH THIS BRIDGE CAVED IN!

A UNSUNG HERO OF
TODAY IS THE COUNTRY
DOCTOR WHO BRAVES
ALL KINDS OF WEATHER
AND ROADS ON HIS
MISSIONS OF MERCY.
BUT WHEN A STRANGE
TWIST OF FATE MAKES
SUCH AN OLD-FASHIONED
PHYSICIAN THE TARGET
OF A MYSTERIOUS MENACE,
ONLY A MAN OF STEEL
CAN PINCH-HIT FOR HIM!
AND SO, ALONG THE
COUNTRYSIDE, RESOUNDS
THE CRY...

**CALLING
DOCTOR
SUPERMAN!**

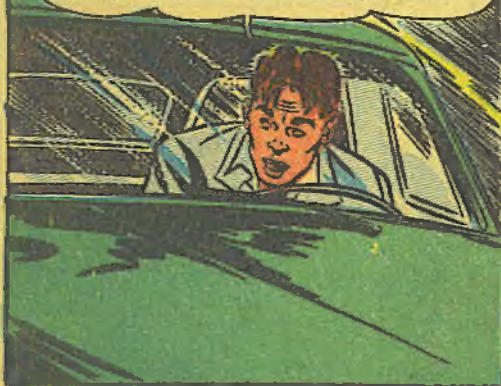
ACTION COMICS, No. 191, April, 1954. Published monthly
by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New
York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second
class matter April 4, 1938 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y.
under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S.
\$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For
advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd

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Printed in U.S.A.

ONE NIGHT, AS A CAR RACES THROUGH THE SUBURBS OUTSIDE METROPOLIS...

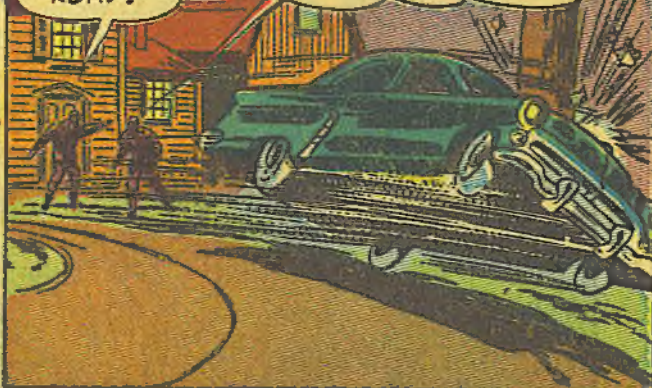
THEY MUST STILL BE AFTER ME! MAYBE I CAN LOSE THEM IN THE STORM THAT'S COMING THIS WAY!



A SCARED, SPEEDING DRIVER, A HOWLING GALE-- AND ON THE COUNTRY ROAD, DISASTER STRIKES!

DAD! THAT CAR WENT OFF THE ROAD!

WE'D BETTER SEE IF THE DRIVER'S HURT!



MINUTES LATER, INSIDE THE FARMER'S HOUSE...

...AND THE MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS, DR. HARRIS!

ALL RIGHT-- I'LL COME AT ONCE!

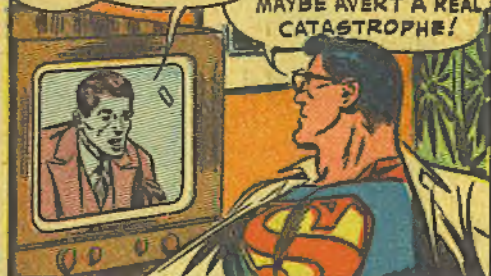
YOU GOT THE DOCTOR JUST IN TIME... THE WIND'S BLOWING DOWN THE PHONE AND POWER WIRES!



MEANWHILE, IN METROPOLIS, AS A FLASH-BULLETIN COMES OVER REPORTER CLARK KENT'S TELEVISION SET.

...AND THAT FREAK STORM IS HEADING FOR THE COUNTRY VILLAGE OF FARMDALE!

FARMDALE... THAT'S RIGHT NEAR HERE! AS SUPERMAN, I CAN BEAT THE STORM THERE, AND MAYBE AVERT A REAL CATASTROPHE!



NEXT INSTANT, ROCKETING NORTH FASTER THAN ANY WIND...

AH-- I'M JUST IN TIME... THE STORM'S ABOUT TO HIT FARMDALE! I'LL NEED A SUPER-WINDBREAK, AND THAT HIGHWAY PASSING NEAR THE VILLAGE...



... MAKES A PERFECT ONE! IT'LL SHUNT THE STORM OUT TO SEA! LUCKILY, NO ONE'S OUT DRIVING IN THIS WEATHER!

BUT SOMEONE IS OUT IN THE STORM, AS SUPERMAN DISCOVERS AFTER REPLACING THE HIGHWAY...

WITH INCREDIBLE EASE, THE MAN OF STEEL PREVENTS A NEAR-TRAGEDY...

IN THAT CASE, MAYBE I CAN GIVE YOU A LIFT!

EH-? GOOD GRIEF... WHO EVER EXPECTED SERVICE LIKE THIS?

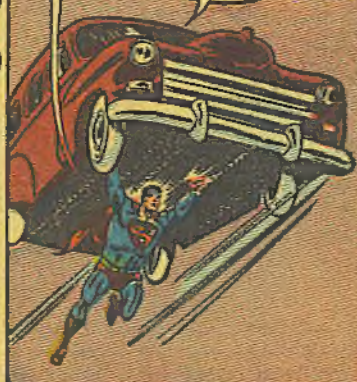


THAT CAR DOWN THERE... A TREE'S ABOUT TO TOPPLE OVER ON IT!



THANKS, SUPERMAN! I'M DR. HENRY HARRIS OF FARM-PALE, AND I'M ANSWERING AN URGENT CALL!

YOU ARE?

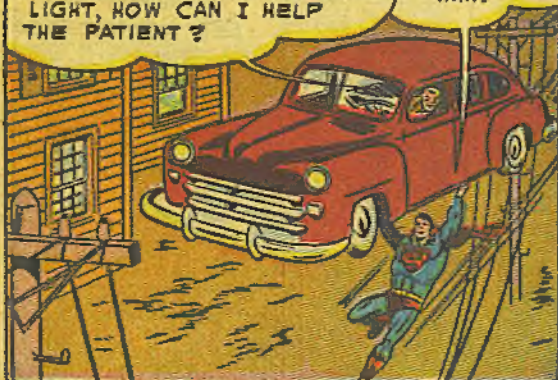


BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER, A NEW EMERGENCY...

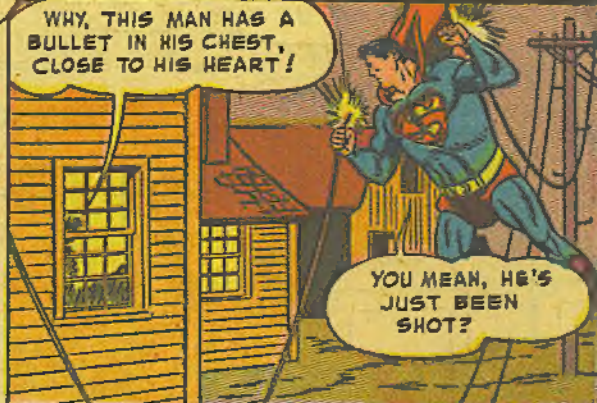
I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT... YOU GO AHEAD AND EXAMINE HIM!

AND SUPERMAN TURNS HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN ELECTRIC-CONDUCTOR, AS THOUSANDS OF VOLTS COURSE THROUGH THIS INVULNERABLE BODY!

LOOK! ALL THE WIRES ARE BLOWN DOWN! WITHOUT LIGHT, HOW CAN I HELP THE PATIENT?



WHY, THIS MAN HAS A BULLET IN HIS CHEST, CLOSE TO HIS HEART!



YOU MEAN, HE'S JUST BEEN SHOT?

NO, THIS BULLET HAS BEEN IN HIM FOR YEARS! APPARENTLY IT WAS TOO NEAR THE HEART TO BE REMOVED... BUT THE CRASH HAS DISPLACED IT, AND NOW IT **MUST** BE REMOVED--AT ONCE! YET I CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT AN X-RAY MACHINE!

I CAN SOLVE THAT PROBLEM!



SO A STRANGE OPERATION SOON TAKES PLACE, WITH X-RAY VISION GUIDING THE SURGEON...

A LITTLE MORE TO THE RIGHT, DOCTOR... NOW YOU CAN GRASP THE BULLET!

AMAZING! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER WITH MY OWN EYES!

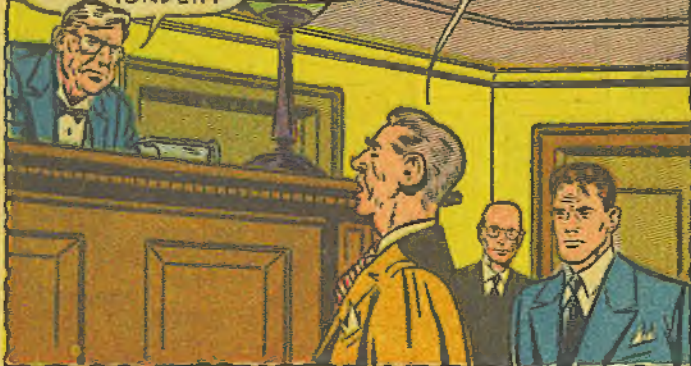


HMM-- NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, I REMEMBER A MAN WHO HAD A BULLET TOO CLOSE TO HIS HEART TO BE REMOVED... AN EX-POLICE-MAN NAMED JOHN KAY! THAT WAS YEARS AGO!



JOHN KAY RECOVERED--BUT IT WAS TOO RISKY TO REMOVE THE BULLET, SO HE RETIRED FROM THE FORCE. AS FOR VORDEN...

SINCE YOU WON'T TELL WHERE YOU HID THAT FORMULA, YOU'LL GET THE FULL SENTENCE, VORDEN!



SO WHAT? I'LL GET OUT...AND WHEN I DO, I'LL GET THE COPS WHO DID THIS TO ME!

"VIC VORDEN, A METROPOLIS GANG CHIEF, HAD STOLEN THE ONLY COPY OF A DEAD CHEMIST'S IN-VALUABLE EXPLOSIVES FORMULA--BUT THE POLICE MANAGED TO CATCH UP TO HIM..."

WE'VE GOT YOU, VORDEN!

MAYBE... BUT I'LL GET SOME OF YOU, TOO!

OH-- I'M HIT!



VORDEN ESCAPED FROM PRISON LAST WEEK--AND NOW JOHN KAY HAS ALMOST BEEN KILLED! COULD THERE BE SOME CONNECTION?

THE OPERATION'S OVER, SUPERMAN! LET'S MOVE THE PATIENT TO MY HOSPITAL!



SHORTLY, AT DR. HARRIS' HOUSE...

WE HAVE NO REAL HOSPITAL IN FARMDALE, SO I KEEP A SMALL WARD IN MY OWN HOME!

YOU SAVED THIS MAN'S LIFE, DOCTOR! I'LL TELL MY FRIENDS OF YOUR GREAT SKILL!



HOWEVER, ONCE SUPERMAN DEPARTS...

NOW TO BECOME A "PATIENT" MYSELF, AS CLARK KENT, SO I CAN STAY HERE ON THE WATCH FOR VORDEN WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION!



BUT VIC VORDEN'S GANG HAS ALREADY PICKED UP THE HUNTED MAN'S TRAIL...

THAT WAS KAY'S
WRECKED CAR, BOSS!
WHAT BECAME OF
HIM?

THE FARMDALE DOCTOR
REMOVED THAT BULLET FROM
KAY, AND TOOK HIM TO THE
VILLAGE--WITH **SUPERMAN!**
WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL--
SO HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...

**MEANWHILE, IN THE
DOCTOR'S OFFICE...**

MY FRIEND
SUPERMAN
RECOMMENDED
YOU, DR. HARRIS!
I'D...ER...LIKE A
CHECK-UP!

HMPH--YOU
SEEM HEALTHY
ENOUGH...BUT
I'LL LOOK YOU
OVER! FIRST
WE'LL TAKE
YOUR
TEMPERATURE!



I CAN HEAT UP THE
THERMOMETER WITH MY
X-RAY VISION, AND
THAT'LL GIVE ME AN
EXCUSE TO STAY
HERE!

WHY, YOU'VE
GOT A HIGH
FEVER! YOU
OUGHT TO
BE IN BED!

SO A LITTLE LATER, IN THE "HOSPITAL WARD"...

DOCTOR HARRIS CALLED THE
DAILY PLANET TO EXPLAIN I
WAS SICK... SO I CAN STAY AND
WATCH OUT FOR VORDEN! BUT
WAIT--THAT PHONE-CALL HE'S ANSWERING.

YES, I'LL COME!
YOU SAY YOU'RE
OUT ON THE
NORTH ROAD?
GOOD... I'LL
FIND YOUR
PLACE!

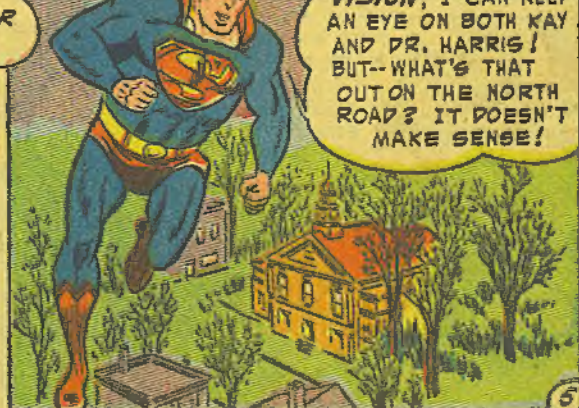


I'VE AN EMERGENCY
CALL TO ANSWER,
MR. KENT! YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT... JUST
STAY IN BED!

BUT THE STORM TORE
DOWN ALL THE PHONE-
LINES IN THAT AREA!
THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG ABOUT THAT
CALL, AND I'D BETTER
FIND OUT WHAT!

**A QUICK SWITCH TO SUPERMAN
AND THEN...**

FROM UP HERE,
WITH MY **TELESCOPIC
VISION**, I CAN KEEP
AN EYE ON BOTH KAY
AND DR. HARRIS!
BUT--WHAT'S THAT
OUT ON THE NORTH
ROAD? IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE!





PUZZLING INDEED IS THIS STRANGE SIGHT CONFRONTING THE MAN OF STEEL.

THERE COMES THE OLD DOC NOW, ANSWERING YOUR FAKE TELEPHONE CALL, VORDEN!

THAT TRAP WE SET WILL STOP HIM HERE! BE READY TO GRAB HIM!



ABRUPTLY...

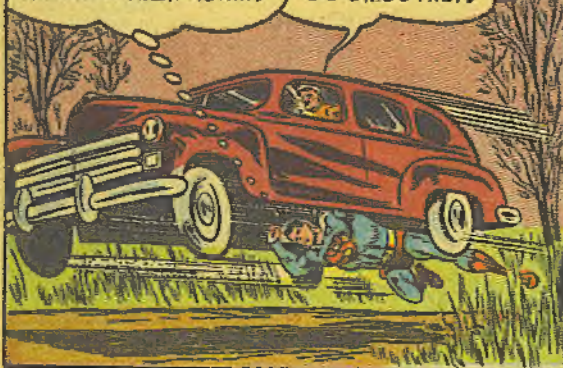
THOSE NAILS WE SCATTERED IN THE ROAD HAVE BLOWN HIS TIRES... BUT THERE'S **SUPERMAN!** LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

CAN'T CHASE VORDEN AND HIS MOB NOW... HAVE TO KEEP THE DOCTOR'S CAR FROM GOING OUT OF CONTROL!



MUSTN'T PANIC HIM BY A QUICK STOP! A LITTLE **SUPER-PRESSURE** VULCANIZED HIS TIRES, AND NOW I'LL INFLATE THEM AGAIN!

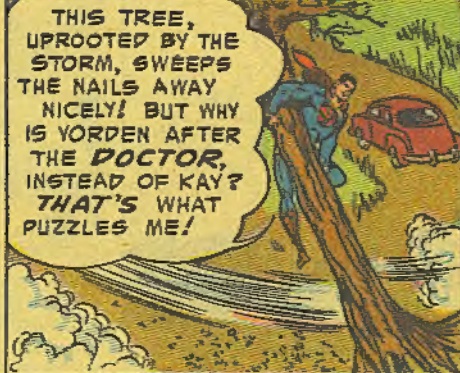
ODD... I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT I HAD A BLOWOUT, BUT I'VE NEVER KNOWN THE OLD CAR TO RIDE SO SMOOTHLY!



AND ONCE THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN REPAIRED...

THIS TREE, UPROOTED BY THE STORM, SWEEPS THE NAILS AWAY NICELY! BUT WHY IS VORDEN AFTER THE **DOCTOR**, INSTEAD OF KAY? **THAT'S** WHAT PUZZLES ME!

WHY INDEED SHOULD BIG-TOWN MOBSTER VIC VORDEN WANT TO HARM AN OLD COUNTRY DOCTOR?



NOR IS THIS THE LAST OF SUPERMAN'S WORRIES! FOR SOON AFTER, AS HE RETURNS TO THE HOUSE...

YES, LOIS LANE, CLARK KENT'S FEMALE FELLOW-REPORTER-- AND PET NEMESIS-- ALWAYS MANAGES TO TURN UP AT THE WRONG TIME...



I'VE SEEN THE DOCTOR SAFELY BACK FROM THAT FAKE CALL, AND--AND... GREAT SCOTT! DO I SEE **LOIS** INSIDE? MUST GET BACK IN THERE--FAST!

I'LL FIND OUT JUST **HOW** SICK CLARK IS! I'LL BET IT'S NOTHING-- HE'S SUCH A **SOFTIE!**

NO TIME TO CHANGE CLOTHING... BUT THE BLANKETS WILL COVER MY COSTUME--I HOPE!



A MOMENT LATER...

YOU HAVE FEVER, CLARK? NONSENSE... YOU'RE JUST HOT BECAUSE YOU HAVE TOO MANY BLANKETS ON! I'LL TAKE SOME OF THEM OFF!

NO, NO--LEAVE THEM ALONE! DO YOU WANT ME TO CATCH PNEUMONIA?

WAIT A MINUTE...THAT OTHER PATIENT--I RECOGNIZE HIM! HE'S JOHN KAY, OF THE VORDEN CASE! HMM... CLARK DOESN'T REALLY LOOK SICK...I'LL BET HE'S HERE AFTER A STORY!

AND LOIS' SUSPICIONS GROW DEEPER WHEN SHE QUESTIONS DR. HARRIS...

YES, THERE'S QUITE A DRAMATIC STORY ABOUT MR. KAY... **SUPERMAN** HELPED ME SAVE HIS LIFE!

SUPERMAN? HMPH-- IF HE'S IN ON THIS TOO, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BIG GOING ON... AND I'M GOING TO STAY HERE TILL I FIND OUT WHAT!

ER...WITH TWO PATIENTS TO TAKE CARE OF, DOCTOR, I'LL BET YOU NEED PLenty OF HELP, AND--WELL-- I'VE HAD A COURSE IN NURSING!

WHY, THANK YOU, MISS LANE! I CERTAINLY CAN USE YOUR HELP!

BUT--- BUT, LOIS--

FIRST OF ALL... HERE'S A LIST OF SUPPLIES I NEED FROM THE DRUGSTORE!

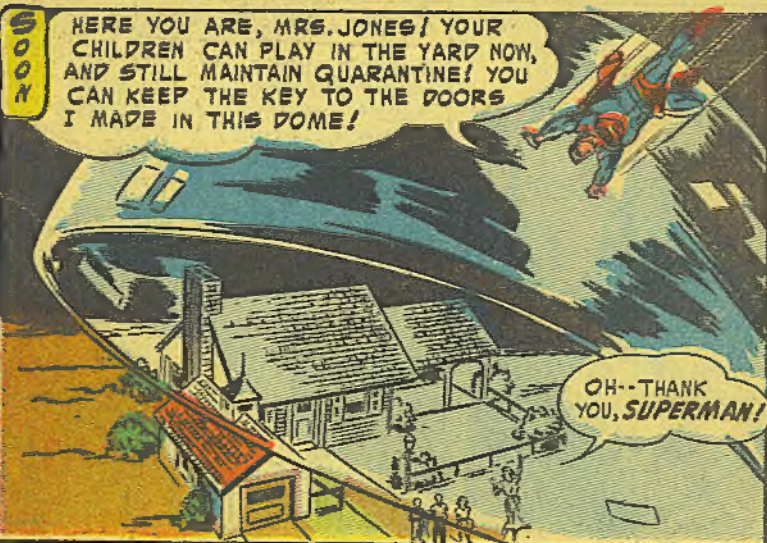
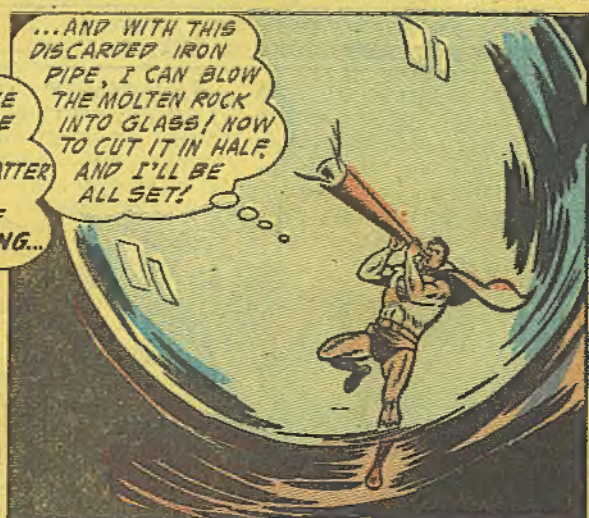
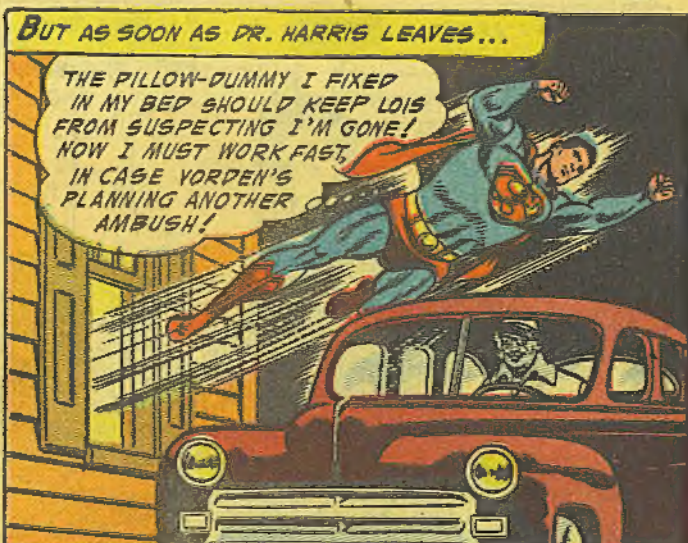
I'LL GET THEM RIGHT AWAY... AND YOUR PHONE'S RINGING, DOCTOR!

AFTER LOIS DEPARTS...

DOCTOR, THOSE JONES CHILDREN AREN'T OBEYING YOUR QUARANTINE! ONE HAS THE MEASLES, AND THE OTHER SIX WON'T STAY IN THEIR YARD!

REALLY? I'LL COME OUT RIGHT AWAY!

HMM... THAT COULD BE ANOTHER DECOY CALL!

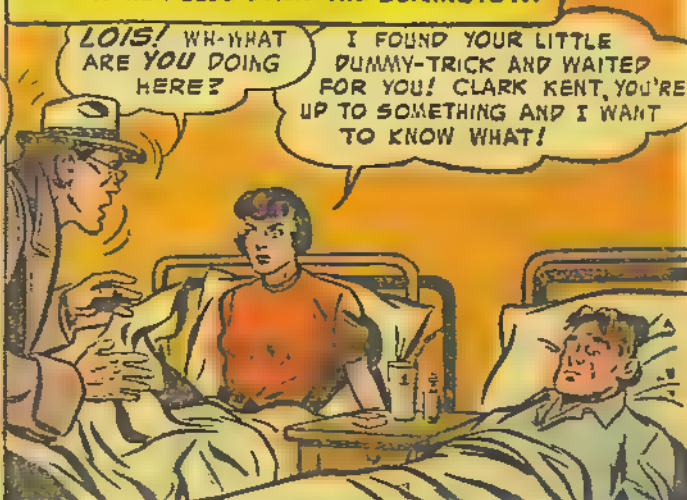


**A QUICK CHANGE OF GARB--
AND WITHIN SECONDS...**



THANK GOODNESS,
SHE DIDN'T DISCOVER
THERE WAS ONLY A
DUMMY IN MY BED!

BUT AS HE PULLS BACK THE BLANKETS...



LOIS! WH-WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

I FOUND YOUR LITTLE
DUMMY-TRICK AND WAITED
FOR YOU! CLARK KENT, YOU'RE
UP TO SOMETHING AND I WANT
TO KNOW WHAT!

SHE MUSTN'T SUSPECT
I'M REALLY SUPERMAN
SO I'LL HAVE TO LET
HER IN ON THIS!

HMM...IT
COULD BE
A BIG STORY!
THAT
VALUABLE
EXPLOSIVES
FORMULA
WAS NEVER
FOUND, YOU
KNOW!

ALLRIGHT-- IF YOU MUST
KNOW-- VIC VORDEN'S
MOB IS AFTER DR.
HARRIS, THOUGH I DON'T
KNOW WHY...AND I'M AFTER
THE STORY!



WELL, YOUR OWN TRICK HAS
CAUGHT YOU! YOU CAN STAY
IN BED, AND I'LL STICK WITH
DR. HARRIS TILL I GET THAT
STORY!

LOIS! THAT
ISN'T FAIR! IT'S
BLACKMAIL!



**BUT A "SICK MAN" HAS TO KEEP UP
APPEARANCES-- AND SO, A FEW
MINUTES LATER...**

DR. HARRIS WAS
JUST CALLED TO
AN ACCIDENT AT
THE VILLAGE GRAIN-
ELEVATOR, AND I'M
GOING WITH HIM!
BYE-BYE, INVALID!

LOIS--DON'T GO!
DON'T...

OH--WHAT'S THE
USE? IT'S BETTER
THIS WAY ANYHOW,
SINCE I CAN NOW
SWITCH TO SUPERMAN
WITHOUT EITHER OF
THEM SUSPECTING!



**AND AS LOIS AND THE
DOCTOR DRIVE OFF...**

GLAD YOU COULD COME
WITH ME, MISS LANE...THIS
WAS AN URGENT
CALL!

OR MAYBE A
DECOY-CALL! BUT
I'VE THROWN CLARK
OFF THE TRAIL OF
THIS STORY, IF HE
TRIES TO FOLLOW!



SUPPENLY, FROM A DIRT SIDE-ROAD...

IT WAS A DECOY CALL--FROM VIC VORDEN! BUT WITH **SUPERMAN** AROUND, HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WHY-- WHAT--?

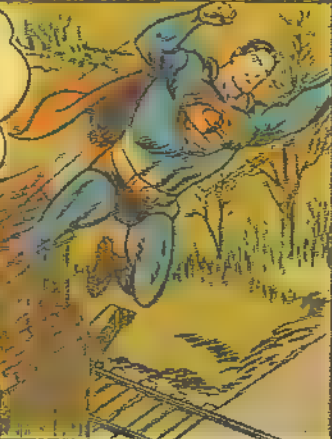
COME ON, YOU TWO... WE'RE ALL GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE!

OH, DEAR... WHERE'S **SUPERMAN**? I WAS SURE HE'D BREAK THIS UP!

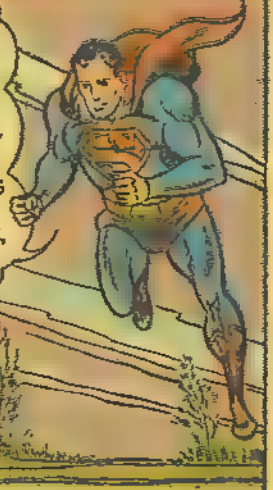


BUT LOIS' CLEVERNESS HAS BACKFIRED THIS TIME-- FOR WHEN **SUPERMAN** REACHES THE ELEVATOR...

THEY SAID THERE WAS NO ACCIDENT HERE, WHICH MEANS DR. HARRIS' CALL WASN'T TO THIS PLACE! LOIS MISLED ME SO I WOULDN'T GET IN ON THE STORY-- BUT WHERE DID THEY GO?...



...AND WHY IS VORDEN AFTER THE DOCTOR? IN REVENGE BECAUSE HE REMOVED THAT BULLET FROM KAY TO SAVE HIS LIFE? SEEMS TOO FANTASTIC, BUT... WAIT A MINUTE!



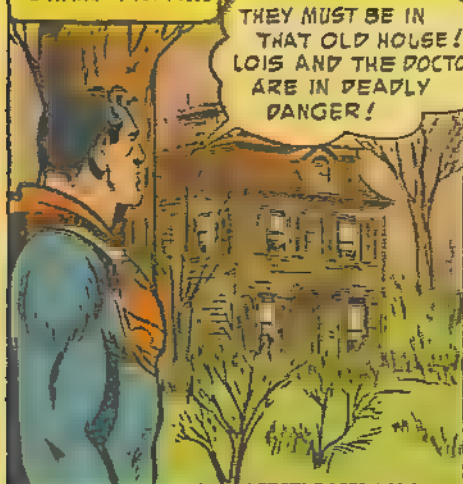
THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER... WHY DIDN'T I SEE IT BEFORE? I MUST FIND DR. HARRIS AND LOIS FAST... THAT LOOKS LIKE THE DOCTOR'S CAR, IN A DITCH DOWN THERE!



HMM... THERE ARE TRACKS OF ANOTHER CAR--PROBABLY VORDEN'S, COMING OUT OF THAT SIDE-ROAD... AND TRACES OF CLAY SHOW IT HEADED WEST! I CAN FOLLOW THAT TRAIL WITH MY MICROSCOPIC VISION!



SO AWHILE LATER, IN A DESERTED SWAMP AREA...



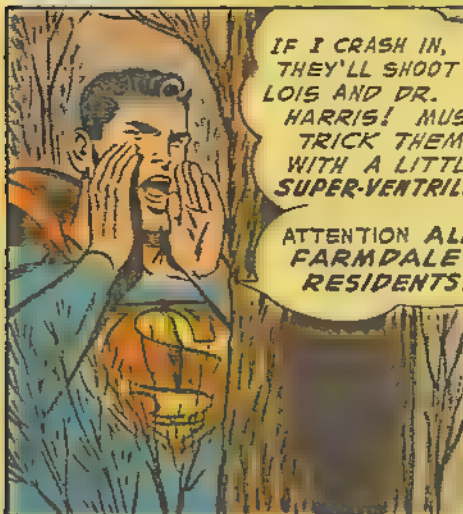
THEY MUST BE IN THAT OLD HOUSE! LOIS AND THE DOCTOR ARE IN DEADLY DANGER!

WHILE INSIDE...



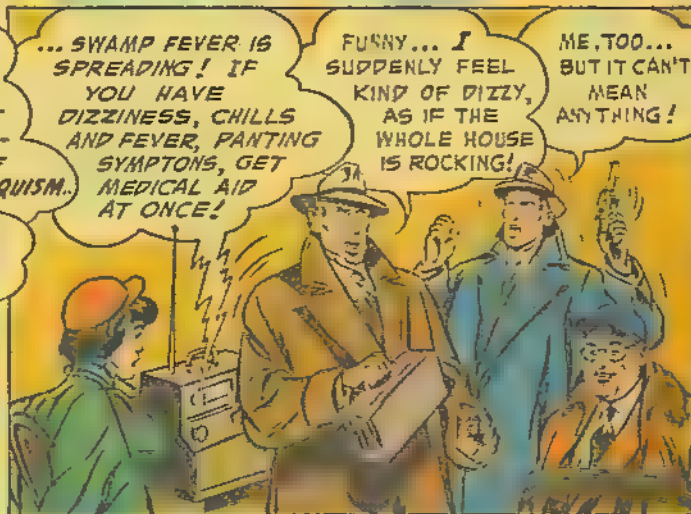
OKAY--WE'VE GOT WHAT WE WERE AFTER! NOW I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANY RADIO ALARM OUT FOR US, BEFORE WE SCRAM!

WE'LL RUB OUT THIS OLD SAW-BONES AND SUPERMAN'S GIRL-FRIEND BEFORE WE GO!



IF I CRASH IN, THEY'LL SHOOT LOIS AND DR. HARRIS! MUST TRICK THEM-- WITH A LITTLE SUPER-VENTRILLOQUISM...

ATTENTION ALL FARMDALE RESIDENTS...



... SWAMP FEVER IS SPREADING! IF YOU HAVE DIZZINESS, CHILLS AND FEVER, PANTING SYMPTOMS, GET MEDICAL AID AT ONCE!

FUNNY... I SUDDENLY FEEL KIND OF DIZZY, AS IF THE WHOLE HOUSE IS ROCKING!

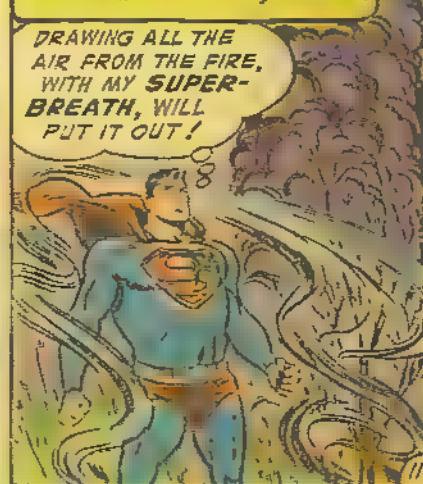
ME, TOO... BUT IT CAN'T MEAN ANYTHING!

CAN'T IT? AT THIS VERY INSTANT, OUTSIDE...

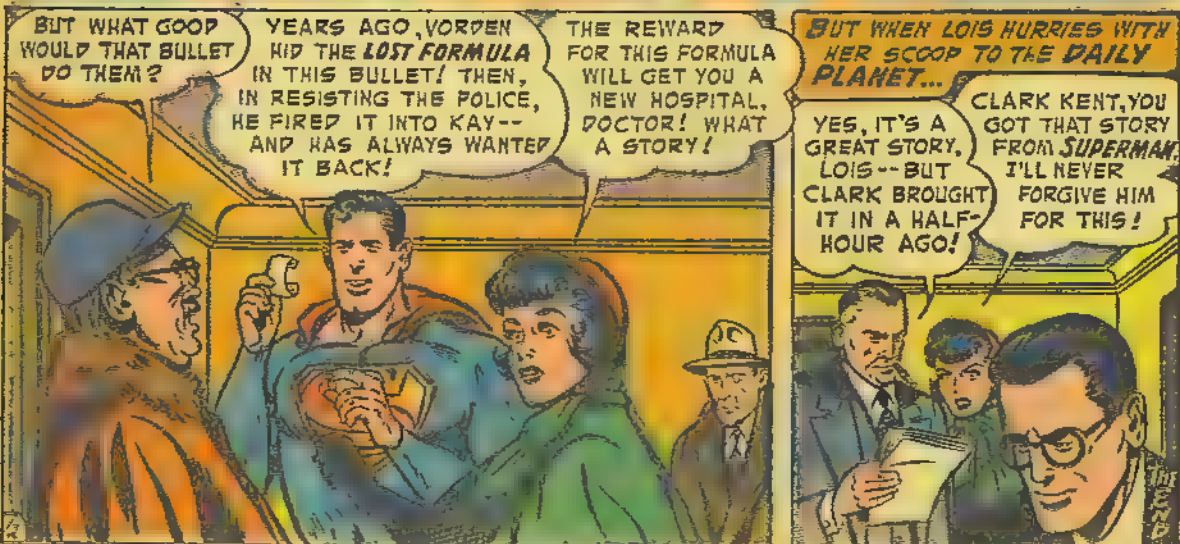
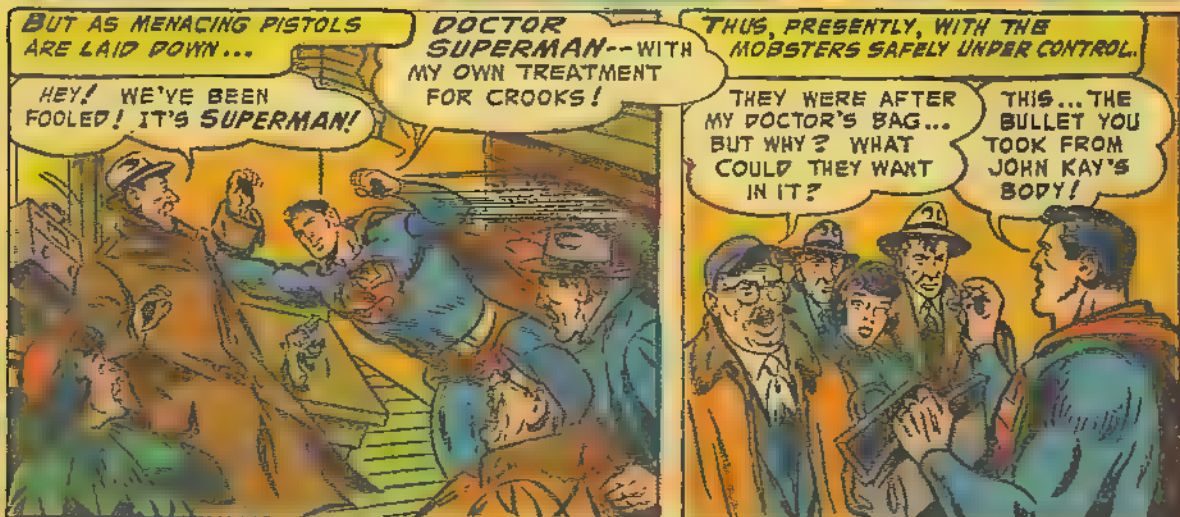
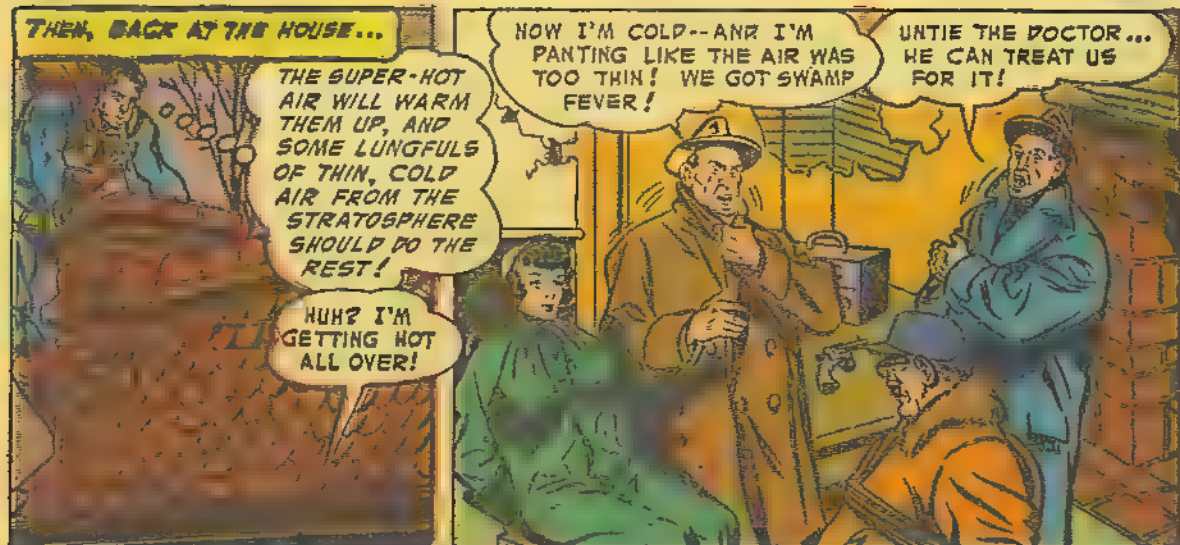


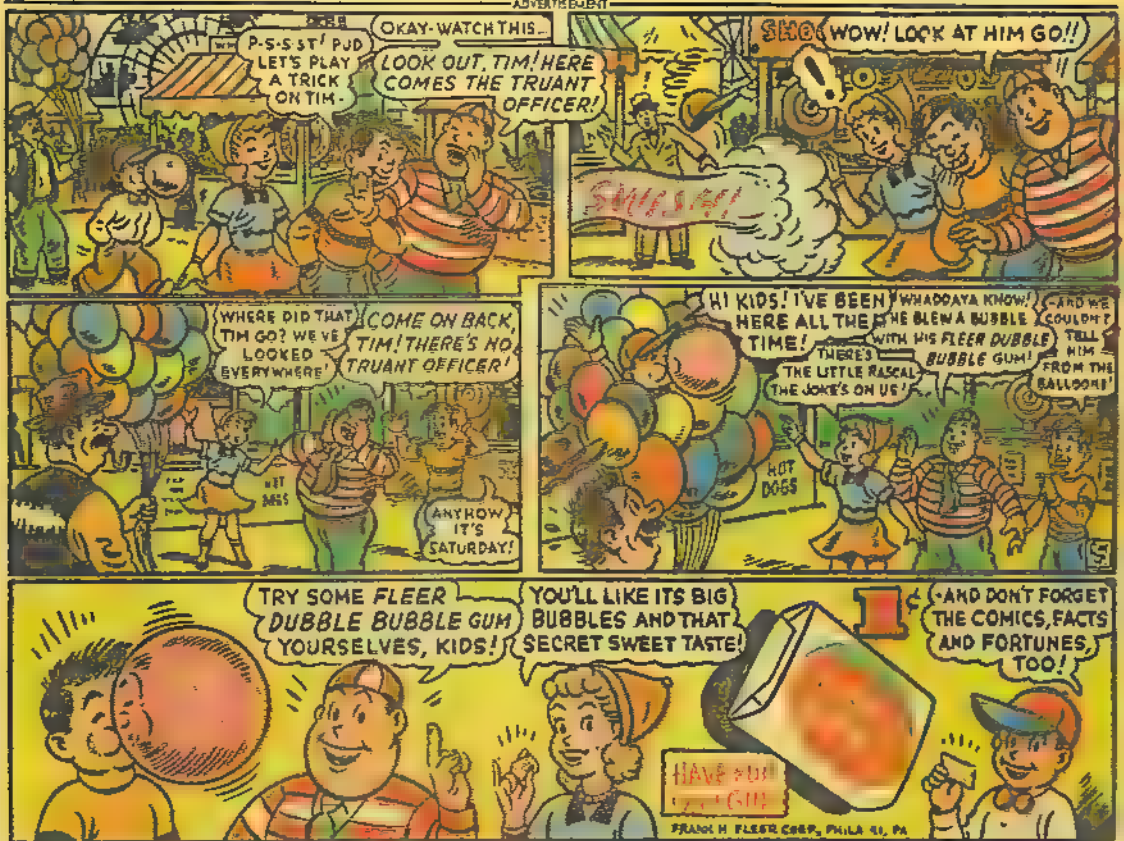
ROCKING THE HOUSE SLIGHTLY HAS MADE THEM THINK THEY'RE DIZZY! NOW FOR THE FEVER AND CHILLS! HMM... I SEE SMOKE FROM A NEARBY BRUSH-FIRE... THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

A SUPER-DASH TO THE SPREADING BLAZE, WHERE...



DRAWING ALL THE AIR FROM THE FIRE, WITH MY SUPER-BREATH, WILL PUT IT OUT!





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HAPPENS TO HARVEY**

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(FEB. 21 - 28)

Do You Know The People of Your Country?

ANSWERS IN LAST PANEL

WHO CAME TO AMERICA FROM ENGLAND TO SEEK RELIGIOUS FREEDOM AND LANDED AT PLYMOUTH, MASS. IN 1620?



WHO FLED FROM CROMWELL'S PERSECUTION IN 1649 TO SET UP FARMS IN VIRGINIA AND NEW ENGLAND?

?



WHO CAME TO SAN FRANCISCO AFTER THE GOLD RUSH OF 1849 TO HELP BUILD RAILROADS ON THE PACIFIC COAST?



WHO CELEBRATES IN 1954 THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR FIRST AMERICAN ANCESTORS 300 YEARS AGO TO SEEK REFUGE WITH THE DUTCH AT NEW AMSTERDAM (TODAY NEW YORK)?



WHO WERE BROUGHT TO AMERICA, BEGINNING IN 1619, TO WORK ON THE PLANTATIONS IN THE SOUTH, AND TODAY ARE ONE OF THE LARGEST GROUPS IN OUR POPULATION?

?



The
ANSWERS...
READ
UPSIDE
DOWN

1. THE PILGRIMS
2. THE IRISH
3. THE CHINESE
4. THE JEWS
5. THE NEGROES

CONGO BILL

IN THE VAST, TRACKLESS JUNGLE BETWEEN INDIA AND CHINA LURK THE MOST DANGEROUS BEASTS IN THE WORLD: THE BULL-HORNED SLADANG, THE TREACHEROUS KING COBRA, THE SINISTER STRIPED-TIGER! HERE, CONGO BILL, TROUBLE-SHOOTER FOR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY, SETS OUT TO FIND A LAD KNOWN AS...

"JANU" the JUNGLE BOY!

THEY SENT ME OUT ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE THIS TIME--NO MERE BOY COULD SURVIVE AMONG THESE WILD BEASTS!



IN THE INDO-CHINA PORT OF SAIGON...

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU SENT FOR ME TO BRING SOMEONE OUT OF THE JUNGLE FOR YOU, CAPTAIN! WHO'S THE CULPRIT THIS TIME?

NO CULPRIT, THIS TIME, CONGO BILL-- JUST A BOY!

A BOY? ARE YOU KIPPING?

NOT AT ALL, MY FRIEND! A JUNGLE BOY! I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND HIS STORY INTERESTING! LISTEN...





"HIS FATHER WAS A FAMOUS JUNGLE GUIDE, AND USED TO TAKE HIS MOTHERLESS SON, JANU, WITH HIM. BUT, ONE DAY..."

MY GUN-- JAMMED!
FLEE, JANU, MY LITTLE
ONE-- SAVE YOURSELF!

CLIG

THE POOR, TERRIFIED LAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE JUNGLE, AND FOR MANY YEARS HE WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE DIED THERE!

BUT HE DIDN'T DIE?



NO... SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO SURVIVE! SOME SAY HE WAS ADOPTED BY A HERD OF ELEPHANTS! OTHERS TELL DIFFERENT STORIES! WE ARE NOT SURE! BUT WE DO KNOW HE IS ALIVE TODAY, LIVING AMONG THE ANIMALS!

AND YOU WANT ME TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK, HERE TO SAIGON?

EXACTLY! AFTER ALL, HE IS A HUMAN BEING! HE MUST GO TO SCHOOL, LIKE OTHER LITTLE BOYS!

THUS, SOME DAYS LATER...

PSS!

HUH?

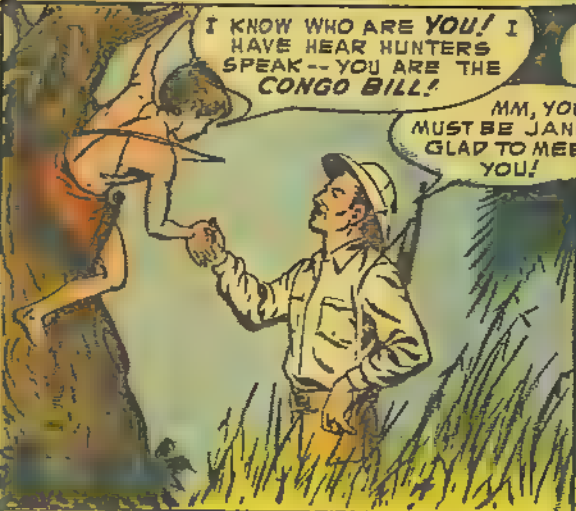


I KNOW WHO ARE YOU! I HAVE HEAR HUNTERS SPEAK-- YOU ARE THE CONGO BILL!

ME PLEASE TO MEET YOU!

MAYBE YOU WON'T BE, JANU, WHEN YOU LEARN THAT I'M HERE TO BRING YOU TO SCHOOL IN SAIGON!

MM, YOU MUST BE JANU! GLAD TO MEET YOU!





ACTION COMICS

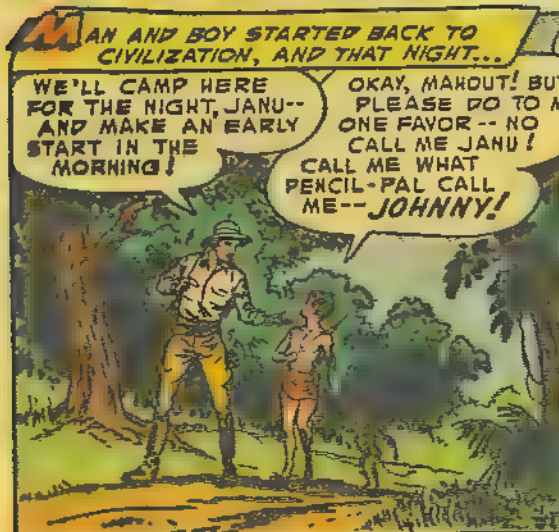


NO, NO-- THIS YOU MUST NO DO! YOU WOULD NO MAKE TIGER OR LIZARD GO TO SCHOOL!

BUT YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THOSE! AND BY THE WAY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN HOW TO SPEAK ENGLISH?

I GOT A PENCIL-PAL, SEE? HE LIVES IN GREAT STATE OF BROOKLYN, U.S.A.!

YOU SHOULD KNOW, BROOKLYN IS NOT A STATE, BUT A BOROUGH OF NEW YORK CITY! LET'S GET ALONG NOW!



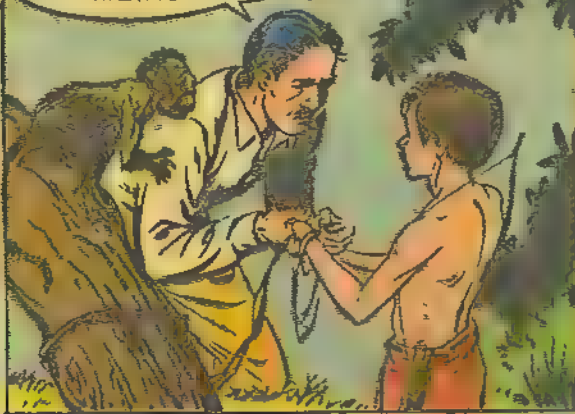
MAN AND BOY STARTED BACK TO CIVILIZATION, AND THAT NIGHT...

WE'LL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT, JANU-- AND MAKE AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!

OKAY, MAHOTU! BUT PLEASE DO TO ME ONE FAVOR-- NO CALL ME JANU! CALL ME WHAT PENCIL-PAL CALL ME-- JOHNNY!

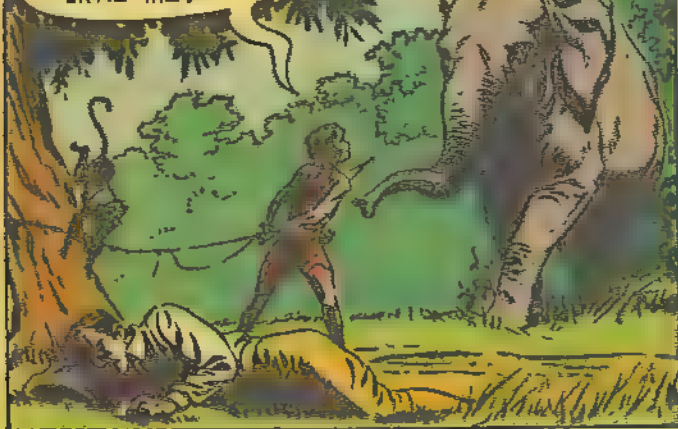
NO HARD FEELINGS, JOHNNY--BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THE CHANCE YOU MIGHT RUN AWAY DURING THE NIGHT!

NO HARD FEELING!



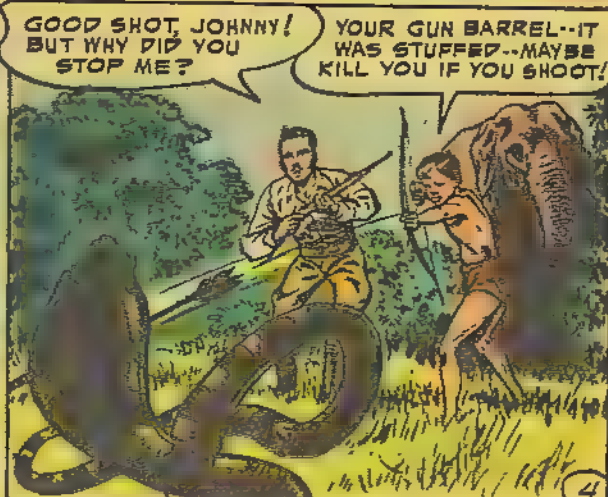
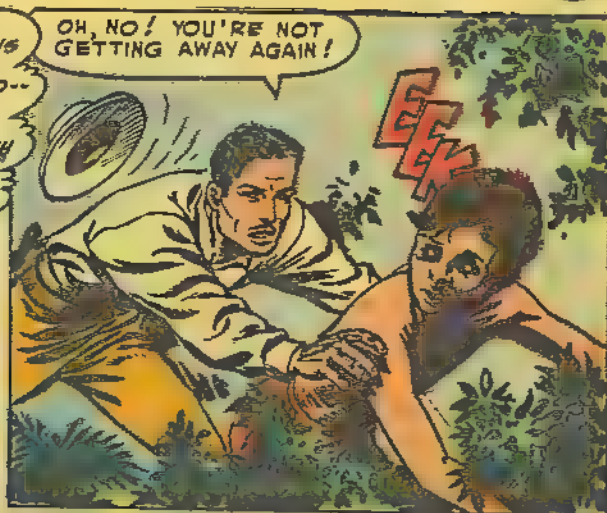
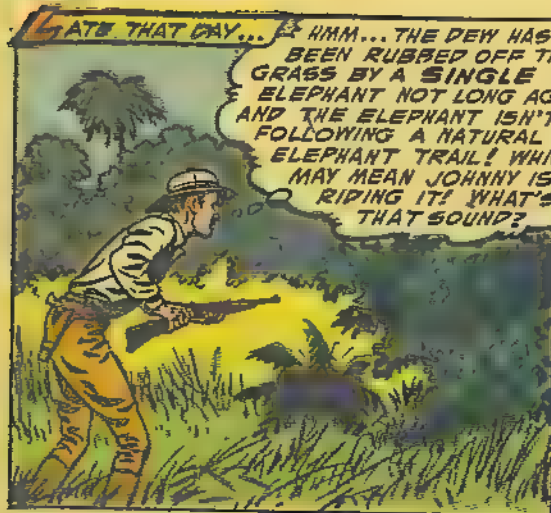
SOON AFTER CONGO BILL FELL ASLEEP, JOHNNY WHISTLED INTO THE JUNGLE...

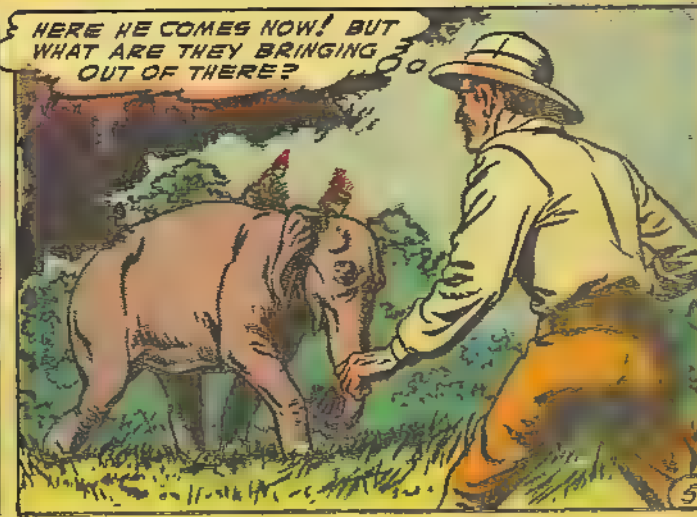
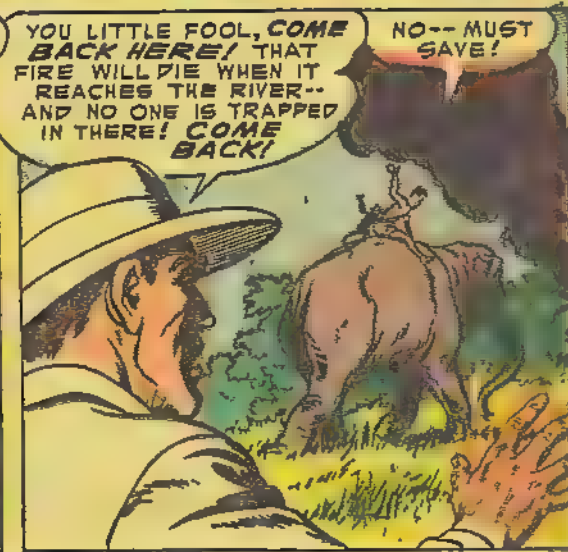
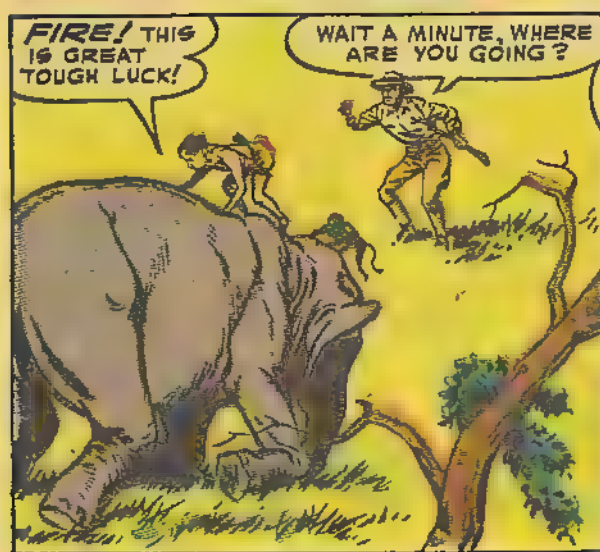
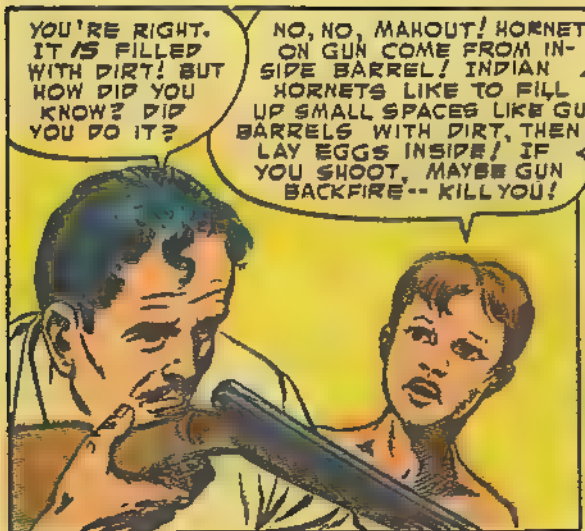
MAKE QUICK, SUBA-- UNTIE ME!

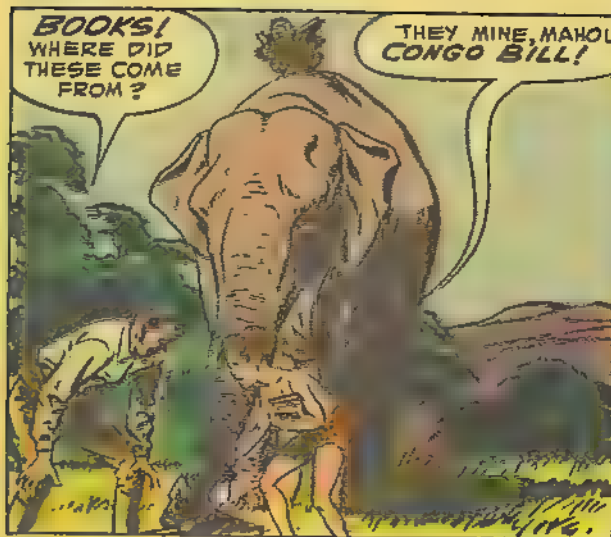


AND AT DAWN... I SKIPPED OUT, THE LITTLE RASCAL! BUT HE ISN'T A BAD KID AT HEART-- HE FILLED MY CANTEEN SO I WOULDN'T LACK WATER! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO START AFTER HIM!









BOOKS!
WHERE DID
THESE COME
FROM?

THEY MINE, MAHOUT
CONGO BILL!



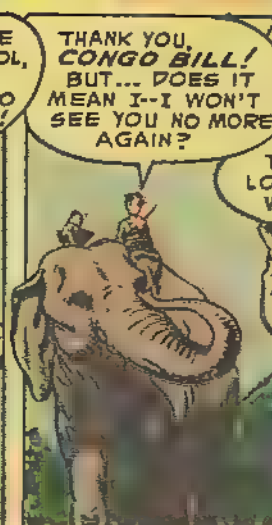
I GET THEM FROM
CORRESPONDENCE
SCHOOL IN U.S.A.!

YOU MEAN, YOU'VE
BEEN TAKING
SCHOOL LESSONS
BY MAIL?



YES, MAHOUT,
AND I LIKE
IT OKAY!

WELL, AS LONG AS YOU'RE
ALREADY GOING TO SCHOOL,
I SEE NO REASON WHY
YOU SHOULD HAVE TO GO
TO THE ONE IN SAIGON!



THANK YOU,
CONGO BILL!
BUT... DOES IT
MEAN I--I WON'T
SEE YOU NO MORE
AGAIN?

JOHNNY, I HAVE
AN IDEA WE'LL
BE SEEING
A LOT OF
EACH OTHER
IN THE DAYS
TO COME! SO
LONG FOR A
WHILE, PAL!



YES, JANU,
THE
JUNGLE BOY,
AND
CONGO BILL
WILL SHARE
MORE
ADVENTURES
IN FUTURE
ISSUES!

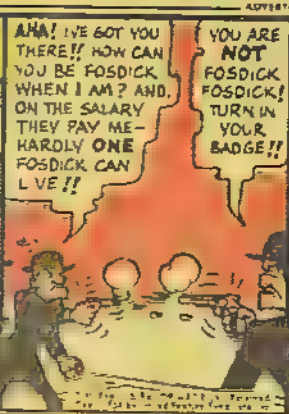
THE
END.



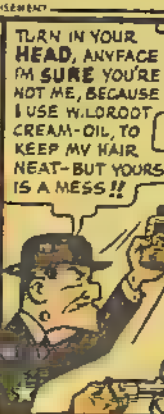
FEARLESS FOSDICK
by Al Capp

EKK! ONE MUST BE
DETECTIVE FOSDICK--SO
THE OTHER MUST BE
SOMEONE ANYFACE
THE WORLD'S
TUCKIEST CRIM NAL

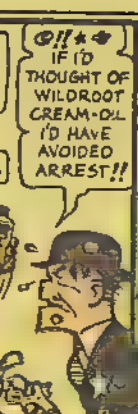
I'M
FOS-
DICK



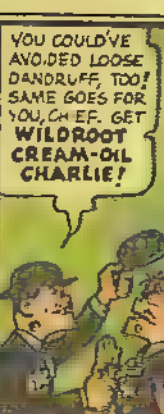
AHA! I'VE GOT YOU
THERE!! HOW CAN
YOU BE FOSDICK
WHEN I AM? AND,
ON THE SALARY
THEY PAY ME--
HARDLY ONE
FOSDICK CAN
L'VE!!



YOU ARE
NOT
FOSDICK,
FOSDICK!
TURN IN
YOUR
BADGE!!



TURN IN YOUR
HEAD, ANYFACE
I'M SURE YOU'RE
NOT ME, BECAUSE
I USE WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL, TO
KEEP MY HAIR
NEAT--BUT YOURS
IS A MESS!!



G!!*
IF I'D
THOUGHT OF
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
I'D HAVE
AVOIDED
ARREST!!



YOU COULD'VE
AVOIDED LOOSE
DANDRUFF, TOO!
SAME GOES FOR
YOU, CHIEF. GET
**WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
CHARLIE!**



THAT WOULD
BE
ILLEGAL
MY NAME
IS
IRVING!

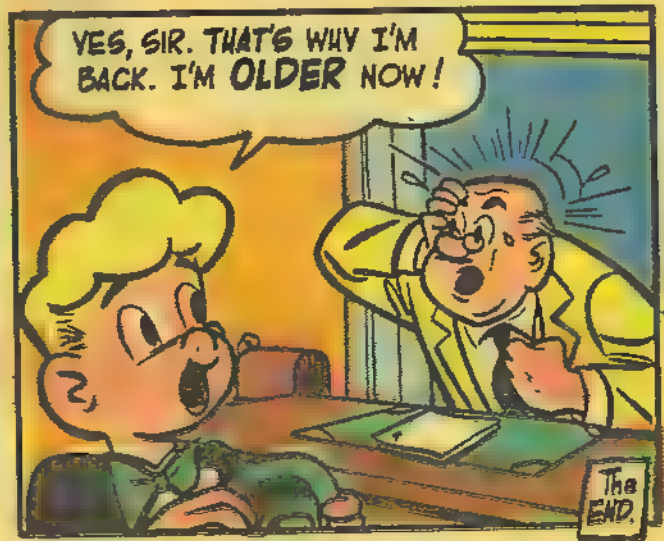
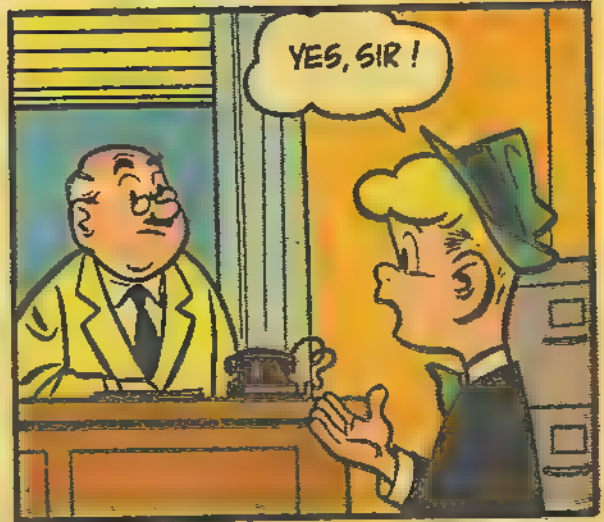
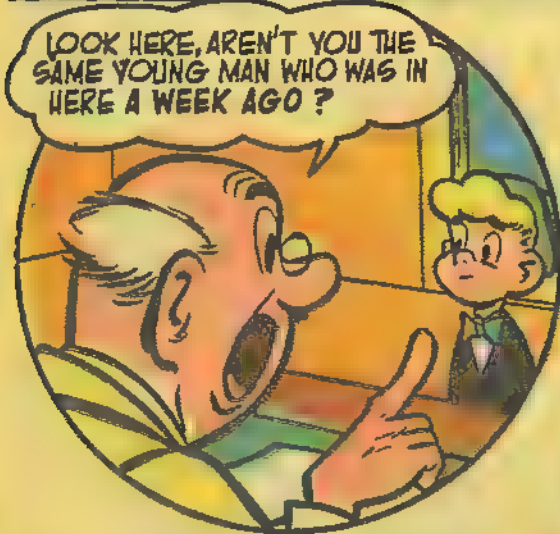
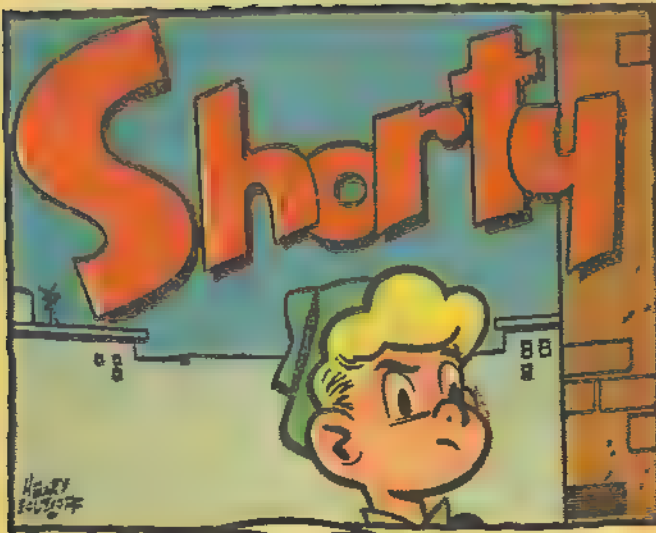


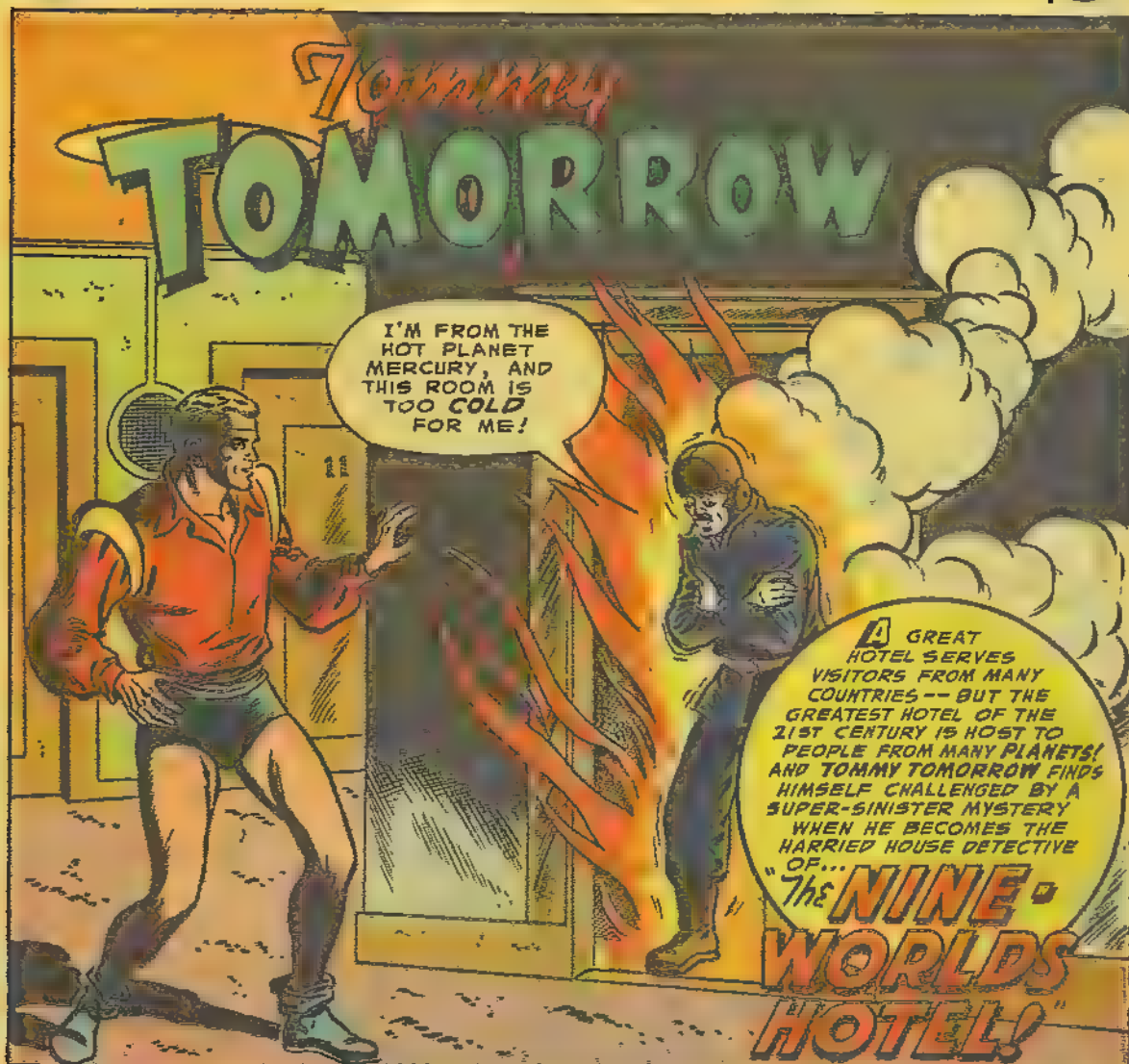
Millions OF READERS
KNOW THAT THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL ON THE COVER OF
A COMICS MAGAZINE IS
YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE
BEST IN COMICS READING!

... AND *THIS*
GREAT MAGAZINE
IS MADE-TO-ORDER
FOR FOLKS
FROM EIGHT
TO EIGHTY!
YOU'LL JUST LOVE
MUTT AND JEFF
IN THEIR LAUGH-
A-MINUTE ANTICS--
THE DAFFIEST,
DIZZIEST
PAIR OF COMIC
CHARACTERS
YOU'D EVER
WANT TO
MEET!



**GET YOUR COPY
TODAY!**

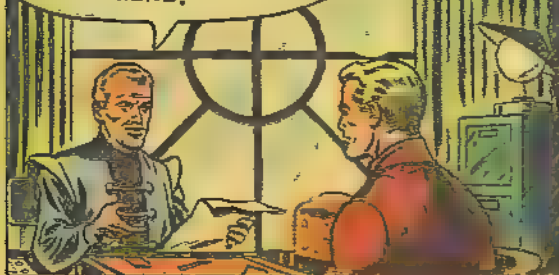




ONE MORNING, IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE AT PLANETEER HEADQUARTERS...

SOMETHING'S WRONG AT THE NINE-WORLDS HOTEL, COLONEL TOMORROW! A NOTED SCIENTIST HAS JUST VANISHED FROM THE TECHNICIANS' CONVENTION, WHICH IS TAKING PLACE THERE!

I'LL INVESTIGATE IT AT ONCE, SIR!



AND SO, AFTER DISGUIISING HIS FAMED SHIP, THE SPACE ACE, COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW TAKES OFF FROM EARTH...

NO NEED TO LET ANYONE KNOW WHO I REALLY AM! IF THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT, THE PRESENCE OF A PLANETEER OFFICER WOULD ONLY PUT THE GUILTY PARTIES ON GUARD!



SHORTLY, ON A TINY ASTEROID, WHERE STANDS THE STRANGEST INN OF ALL TIME-- THE NINE-WORLDS HOTEL...

THIS HOTEL IS THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE UNIVERSE-- AND THAT WON'T MAKE MY JOB EASIER!



AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE MANAGER...

WE'LL CERTAINLY NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE, **COLONEL TOMORROW!** NO SHIP HAS LEFT THIS ASTEROID SINCE PROFESSOR BLAKE VANISHED... YET WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF IT WITHOUT FINDING HIM!

I CAN BEST INVESTIGATE BY BECOMING YOUR NEW HOUSE DETECTIVE!

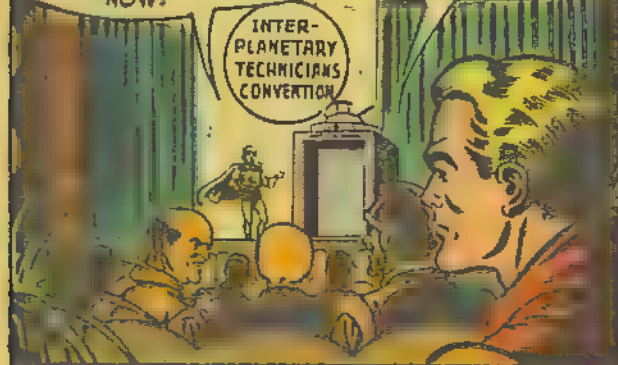


LATER, IN THE HOTEL'S CONVENTION HALL, WHERE SCIENTISTS FROM ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE HAVE GATHERED...

BUT I WANT TO TRY DEMONSTRATING MY **TELESTEREOTELEVISION!** I'M SURE IT'LL WORK NOW!

HA, HA-- IT'S AWLO, OF DISTANT EREBUS! HIS TELESTEREO HAS NEVER WORKED YET!

INTER-PLANETARY TECHNICIANS CONVENTION



OOPS-- IT STILL WON'T WORK! I'LL TAKE IT BACK TO MY ROOM AND REPAIR IT!

WHICH PERSON HERE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR BLAKE'S DISAPPEARANCE? THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT!



THE NEW "HOUSE DETECTIVE" SWIFTLY PROCEEDS TO INVESTIGATE...

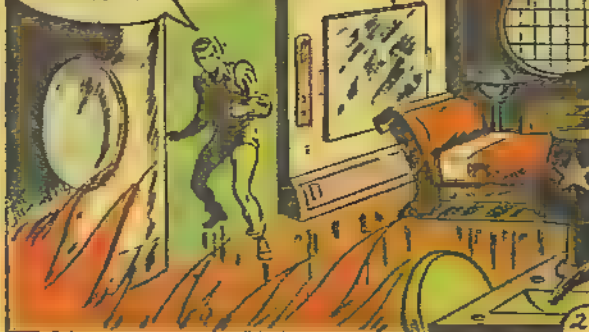
PROFESSOR BLAKE'S ROOM WAS IN THIS WING... HE NEVER CAME OUT AFTER LAST NIGHT!

THEN THOSE MEN WITH ROOMS HERE ARE ALL SUSPECTS! LET'S SEE... PROFESSOR KIN KAR OF MERCURY, DR. ZOTZ OF PLUTO, AND AWLO OF EREBUS!



SEARCHING THE SPECIAL PLANETARY SUITES OF THE NINE-WORLDS HOTEL IS A TOUGH JOB...

THESE MERCURIANS REALLY LIKE IT HOT IN THEIR ROOMS... BUT THERE'S NO MISSING MAN HIDDEN HERE IN KIN KAR'S SUITE!



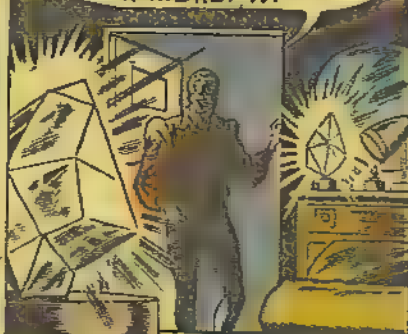
A TRAVELER FROM PLUTO, ON THE OTHER HAND, WANTS HIS SUITE COMFORTABLY COLD...

BRR... DOCTOR ZOTZ'S SUITE IS LIKE A LITTLE BIT OF PLUTO, ALL RIGHT! BUT NO MISSING MAN HERE EITHER!

AND A NATIVE OF EREBUS LIKES THE LIGHT OF HIS OWN WORLD'S MOON-CRYSTALS...

AND NOBODY IN THIS ROOM OF THAT LITTLE WACKY INVENTOR FROM DISTANT EREBUS! BUT BLAKE VANISHED...

... SO HE MUST HAVE SOMEHOW SEEN WHISKED OFF THE ASTEROID! BUT NO SHIP TOOK HIM OFF BECAUSE EVERY SHIP TOUCHING HERE WAS SEARCHED! NOW WAS HE SPIRITED AWAY?



A LITTLE LATER, OUTSIDE...

PROFESSOR KIN KAR OF MERCURY IS DEMONSTRATING HIS SPECIAL GUN, DESIGNED TO SHOOT MAIL TO OTHER PLANETS!

HMM... THAT PROJECTILE COULD HAVE THE MISSING MAN INSIDE IT! I'D BETTER CHECK IT!

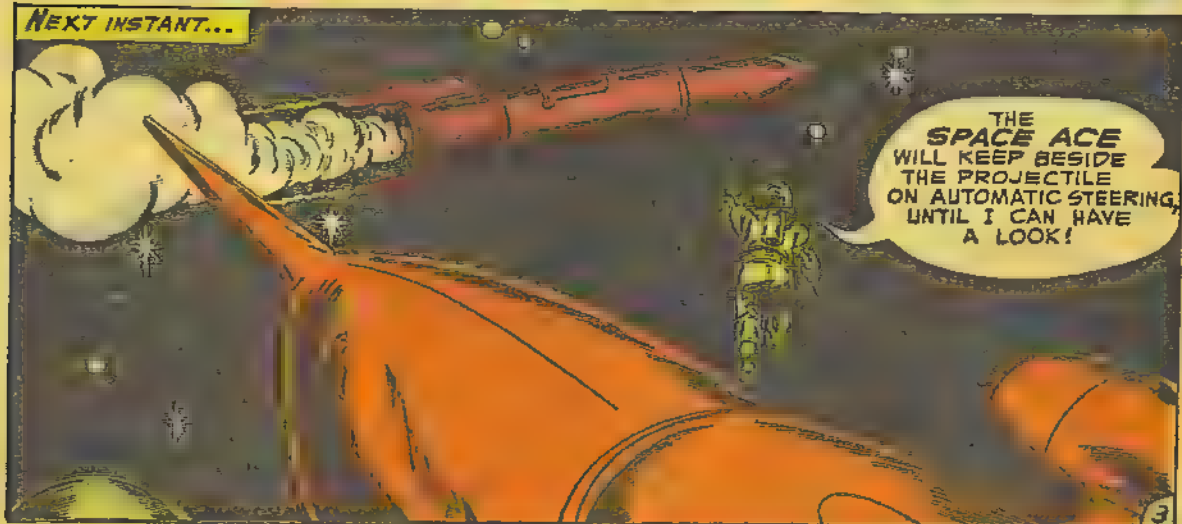
A DASH FOR THE SPACE ACE--AND WITHIN SECONDS, THE SWIFT SHIP STREAKS SKYWARD...

WITH ALL ITS JETS GOING, THIS SHIP SHOULD BE ABLE TO OVERTAKE THAT PROJECTILE!



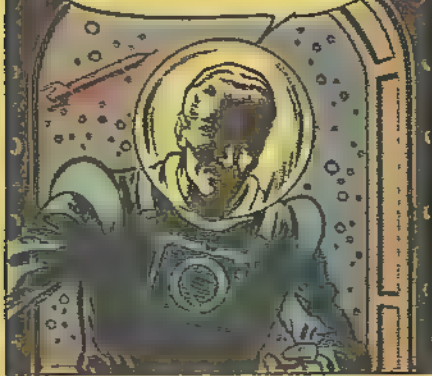
NEXT INSTANT...

THE SPACE ACE WILL KEEP BESIDE THE PROJECTILE ON AUTOMATIC STEERING, UNTIL I CAN HAVE A LOOK!



BUT MOMENTS LATER...

THE MISSING MAN WASN'T IN THE PROJECTILE, SO THAT'S A BLIND LEAD! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE HOTEL FAST!

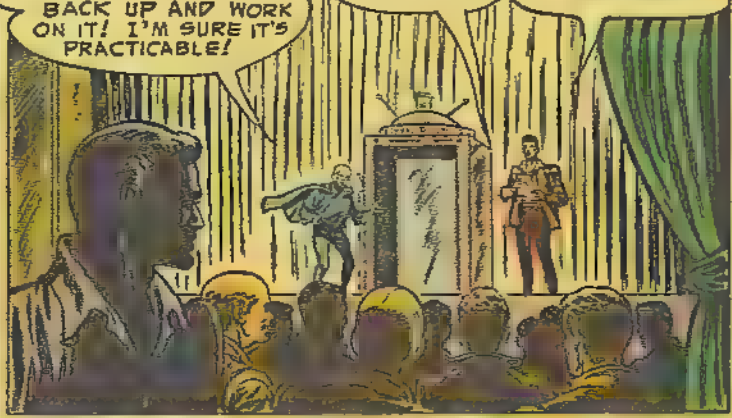


AND UPON RETURNING TO THE SCIENTISTS' CONVENTION...

MY TELESTEREOVISION STILL WON'T WORK-- BUT I'LL TAKE IT BACK UP AND WORK ON IT! I'M SURE IT'S PRACTICABLE!

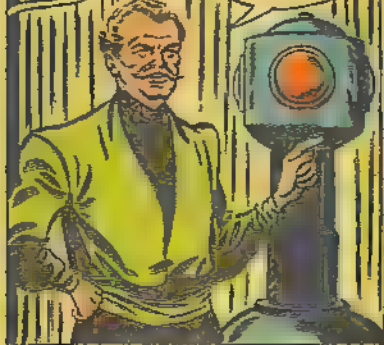
OH--WHY DOESN'T HE GIVE UP?

NOW, FOR OUR NEXT DEMONSTRATION!



...DOCTOR ZOTZ, OF PLUTO, WISHES TO SHOW US HIS GRAVITATION-NEUTRALIZER!

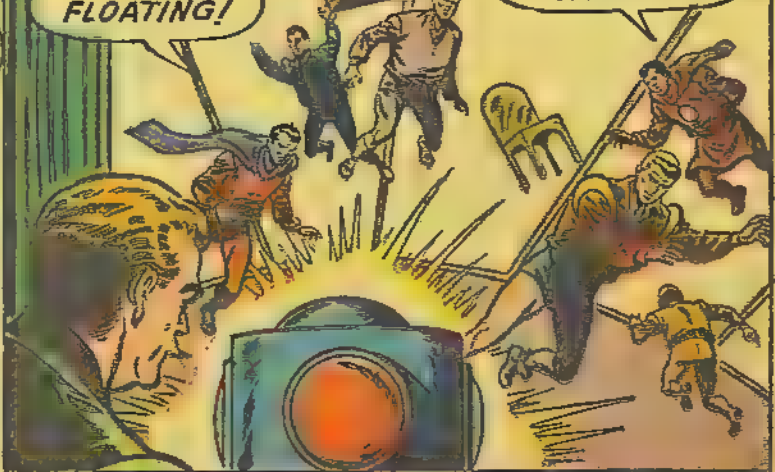
MY DEVICE EMITS RAYS WHICH NEUTRALIZE NORMAL GRAVITY COMPLETELY! I'LL PROVE THAT!



ABRUPTLY...

EH--? WE'RE FLOATING!

ZOTZ'S DEVICE DOES NEUTRALIZE GRAVITY!



BUT DOCTOR ZOTZ... HOW IS IT YOU CAN STILL STAND NORMALLY?

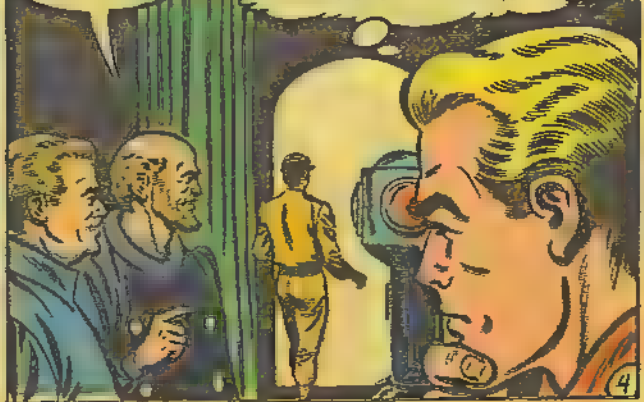
MY SHOE SOLES ARE MADE OF THE ONE METAL WHICH THE ANTI-GRAVITY RAYS DON'T AFFECT! SO IS THE BASE OF THE MACHINE ITSELF! I'LL TURN IT OFF NOW!



AND AS EVERYTHING RETURNS TO NORMAL...

CERTAINLY IS A MARVELOUS INVENTION!

YES... MARVELOUS ENOUGH TO GET THE MISSING MAN OFF THIS ASTEROID! I'M GOING TO LOOK IT OVER!



THEN, AFTER A HASTY INSPECTION...

IT COULD HAVE BEEN USED TO HURL HIM OFF BY ANTI-GRAVITY! AND ZOTZ WAS ONE OF THE SUSPECTS IN THAT WING... I'LL QUESTION HIM!



BUT A DISMAYING SURPRISE AWAITS TOMMY...

DR. ZOTZ IS MISSING, TOO! AND HE DIDN'T COME OUT OF THIS WING-- SO ONE OF YOU TWO MUST KNOW SOMETHING!

I DON'T... I WAS WORKING ON MY TELESTEREO!



HMM... DR. ZOTZ WAS WEARING THOSE SPECIAL METAL-SOLED SHOES -- AND THE SCRATCHES THEY MADE LEAD TO YOUR DOOR, KIN KAR!

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT!

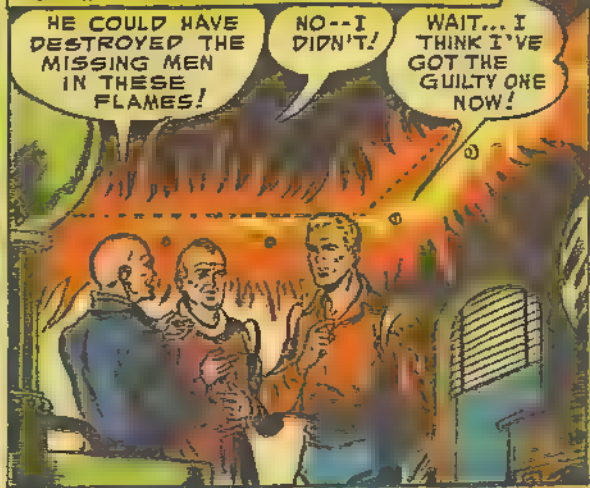


AND IN THE MERCURIAN'S FIERY ROOM...

HE COULD HAVE DESTROYED THE MISSING MEN IN THESE FLAMES!

NO--I DIDN'T!

WAIT... I THINK I'VE GOT THE GUILTY ONE NOW!



NEXT MOMENT, IN THE ROOM OF AWLO OF EREBUS...

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? THE SCRATCHES LED TO KIN KAR'S DOOR, DIDN'T THEY?

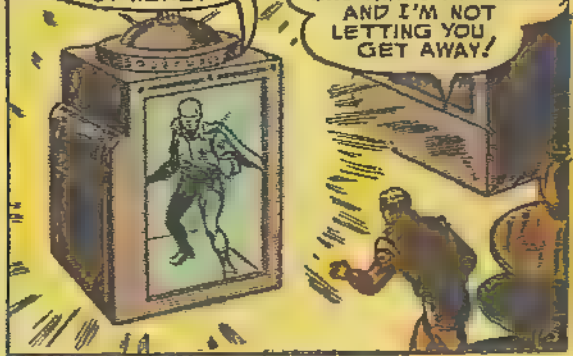
A COLD-BLOODED PLUTONIAN WOULD NEVER ENTER A MERCURIAN'S SUPER-HOT ROOM... SO THAT MUST'VE BEEN A PHONY TRAIL! I'M GOING TO LOOK AT THAT TELESTEREO GADGET OF YOURS!



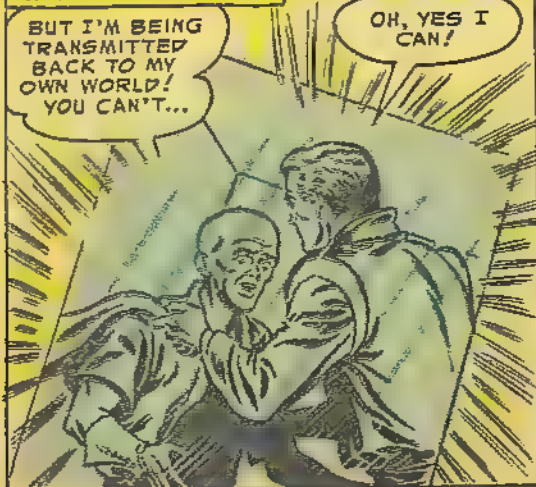
BUT BEFORE TOMMY CAN EXAMINE THE "USELESS" MACHINE...

YOU WON'T ARREST ME! MY MATTER TRANSMITTER WILL GET ME OUT OF HERE!

SO-- YOUR "TELESTEREO" SENDS MATTER, INCLUDING LIVE PEOPLE, BY RADIO, EH? THAT'S THE ANSWER, AND I'M NOT LETTING YOU GET AWAY!



AND AS TOMMY FOLLOWS HIS PREY INTO THE WEIRD MECHANISM...



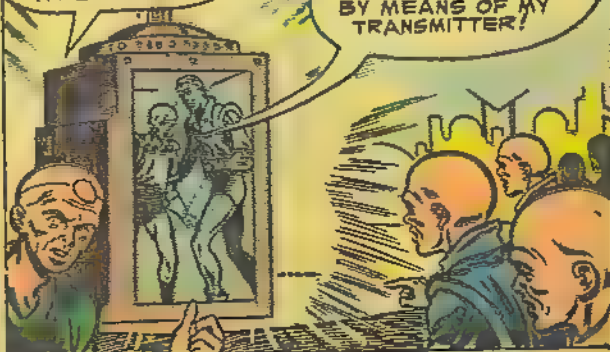
BUT I'M BEING TRANSMITTED BACK TO MY OWN WORLD! YOU CAN'T...

OH, YES I CAN!

HURLED ACROSS SPACE BY SUPER RADIO TRANSMISSION, FUGITIVE AND PLANETEER FIND THEMSELVES, SECONDS LATER, ON THE DISTANT WORLD OF EREBUS.

LOOK! IT'S AWLO HIMSELF--IN THE CLUTCHES OF AN EARTHMAN!

I SURRENDER! YES, I DECEIVED THE MISSING SCIENTISTS TO MY ROOM AND THEN HURLED THEM HERE BY MEANS OF MY TRANSMITTER!



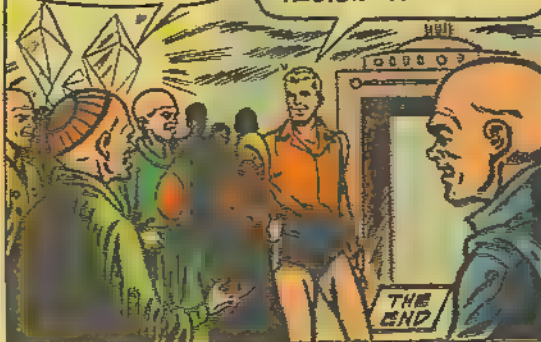
YOU SEE, OUR WORLD IS ARID, AND WE NEED MUCH TECHNICAL HELP! BUT SCIENTISTS WOULDN'T COME THIS FAR, SO I USED MY INVENTION TO GET THEM!

THAT WAS FOOLISH! THE PLANETEERS WOULD BE GLAD TO SEND YOU ALL THE TECHNICAL HELP YOU NEED!



WHY--THAT WOULD SOLVE OUR WORLD'S MOST DESPERATE NEED! AND WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU IN RETURN?

NOTHING! JUST SEND US BACK TO THE NINE-WORLDS HOTEL... THEIR NEW "HOUSE DETECTIVE" IS GOING TO RESIGN-- AND GLADLY!



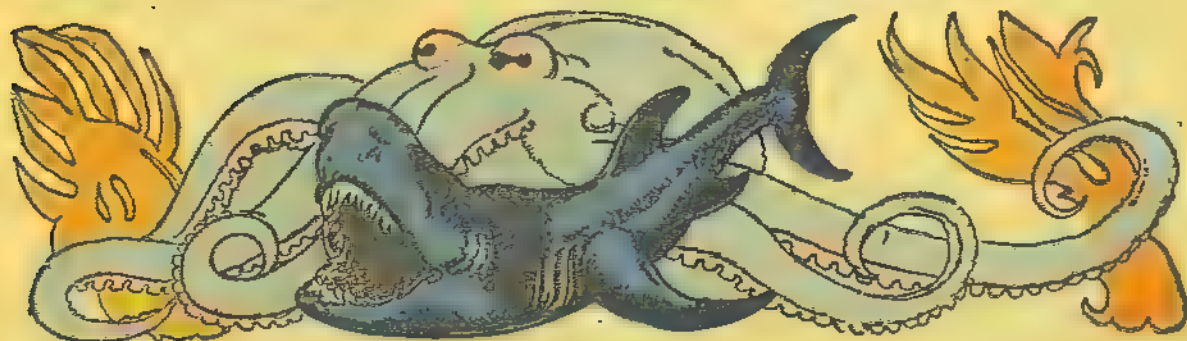
THE END

SUPERMAN ON **TELEVISION!** *is* **SUPER-TV**

SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND CHANNEL!

A large advertisement for Superman on television. The word "SUPERMAN" is in large, bold, block letters. To its right, the word "ON" is in a smaller font, followed by "TELEVISION!" in large, bold, block letters. Below "TELEVISION!" is the word "is" in a cursive font, followed by "SUPER-TV" in large, bold, block letters. At the bottom, the text "SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TIME AND CHANNEL!" is written in a bold, sans-serif font. On the left side of the advertisement, there is a television set. The screen of the television shows Superman flying over a city. The television set is a vintage style with a wooden frame.

FIGHT TO THE DEATH



None of These Battles-to-the-End Ever Ends In a Draw

THE subject came up while Yasin Kadiri and I were teaming up on an Indian shikar in quest of a pair of killer tigers that were terrorizing the native villages bordering the Sundarban swamps. Yasin was a licensed guide and big-game hunter whom the government often hired on ventures of this kind; and if I was anywhere in the area, he was bound to take me along. A *shikar*, by the way, is the Indian equivalent of the African *safari*.

But, to get back to the subject. Yasin had called the shikar to a halt for the night when one of the natives suddenly began to scream in terror. Yasin and I grabbed our rifles and reached the stricken native's side in moments. We saw at once the cause of his fear: not three feet away, its eyes fixed on the native, was one of the biggest cobras I had ever seen.

The fear of the native was justified. I said the cobra was three feet away from the terrified native. The significance of this remark becomes clear when you learn that the snake has a *two-foot* strike. From where we stood, we could make out the quarter-inch poisonous fangs on the killer.

I had automatically lifted my rifle, but paused as I felt Yasin's fingers on my shoulder.

"Don't bother, Sammy," Yasin whispered, and pointed to a nearby bush. Following the direction of his finger, I saw a mongoose just as it was emerging from the bush.

"I don't get it," I whispered back. "What has the mongoose got to do with saving that native from the cobra?"

Yasin smiled, thinly. "The mongoose will take care of it for you," he said.

And even as he spoke, the King Cobra, as if sensing the presence of its mortal enemy, drew away from the native, and turned to meet its age-old adversary.

The Indian mongoose is an ugly little creature, with brownish-grey hair that is white-ringed. The cheeks and throat are reddish. At the moment, the weasel-like animal, nearing the cobra, was stiffening its hairs.

"The mongoose," explained Yasin, "is the only animal in the world that will go out of its way to fight a cobra."

"Who's going to win it?" I asked. But before Yasin could reply, the battle had started. The cobra had struck viciously with its poison-laden fangs, but the mongoose, with incredible speed, had darted out of the way, emerging behind the reptile.

Again and again, the pattern was repeated, with the cobra striking, and the mongoose dodging this way and that. Most of the time, the mongoose moved just far enough to avoid the darting fangs. Once, the fangs actually struck, but the extended hairs and the amazingly thick skin of the animal prevented penetration.

If bitten, the mongoose would have died in the same agony as any other animal. But the cobra never got close. It seemed to me that the animal was deliberately trying to tire out the reptile, and I mentioned this to Yasin.

"It's true," said the Indian guide. "The mongoose is like a smart boxer up against a slugger in an American boxing ring. He feints, and does fancy footwork, and keeps just out of range of his opponent's knock-out punch. But when he suddenly sees his opening, watch out!"

The mongoose found its opening a moment later. The cobra had lashed out wickedly with its head lowered. It never got the opportunity to raise its head again. In a flash, the mongoose had sprung to the back of the cobra, and had sunk its needle-point teeth into the cobra's neck.

The reptile lashed about for a while, then went limp. The mongoose held on a moment longer, as if to make sure this was not a trick, then released its vise-like grip on the reptile's neck.

The mongoose raised its head and peered at the human spectators for a brief moment, and as Yasin made the slightest motion with his hand, it scooted back into the bush whence it had come.

Well, it was this incident that got Yasin and me onto the subject of life-and-death struggles, and which of certain mortal enemies would win in a combat. The mongoose, Yasin said, almost invariably wins its battle with its chief enemy, the King Cobra.

Yasin declared that another pair of fight-to-the-death foes was somewhat similar to the mongoose-cobra contest. This was the mortal struggle between the vicious rattlesnake and a silly-looking, long-legged bird known as the road runner.

"The road runner," remarked Yasin, "is really a ridiculous bird. It makes you laugh just to look at it. But this bird achieves what no other animal on earth can do—

beats the rattler everytime they meet."

I interrupted Yasin to ask him a question that might have occurred to you:

"Why is it called the road runner?"

"Because," laughed Yasin, "it runs on the road." Then, speaking in a more serious vein: "Actually, its scrawny, thin legs won't support the bird in flight, although they are capable of covering ground swiftly."

The road runner has a unique way of killing the rattler, and goes out of its way to seek a fight with the reptile. Once they meet, Yasin said, the bird goads the snake, and ducks as the snake strikes. In that instant, the bird makes a fast grab on the neck of the reptile, and now proceeds to pound the snake's head against the ground until it dies.

But, according to Yasin, the most vicious battle between two mortal enemies takes place between the world's most dangerous undersea creatures: the octopus and the shark.

Ordinarily, these killers give each other a wide berth. Each seems to know that a fight between them will result in the death of one of them. But, from time to time, many fathoms below the surface, these killers will meet for a fight-to-the-end battle, and it is no doubt the most impressive and terrifying sight in all nature.

The shark depends, of course, on its rows of razor-sharp teeth, its great speed and mobility. The octopus, although a slow-moving creature, has a powerful weapon in the amazing squeezing might of its eight tentacles.

"Which one usually wins the fight?" I asked.

Yasin shrugged. "Neither one," he said, "is a sure winner. Sometimes the octopus finishes the shark; at other times, the shark wins. But this much is sure: none of these battles ever ends in a draw!"

—Joseph McKay

VIGILANTE

A CROSS THE WEST IS BLAZED THE NAME OF EL LINDO--THE HANDSOME ONE--BOLD BANDIT AND LEADER OF DESPERADOES! AND IN SEARCH OF HIM GOES VIGILANTE... BUT THIS TIME THE MASKED LAWMAN GALLOPS INTO PERILOUS PLACES AND FINDS HIMSELF STYMIED WHEN HE'S FORCED TO RIDE SADDLE WITH...

"The PURPLE RAIDERS OF CRIPPLE HILL!"

LOOK...VIGILANTE RIDING WITH THE OUTLAWS! WHAT'S COME OVER HIM?



A STAGECOACH RATTLES OVER A DESERTED WESTERN TRAIL, ONE MORNING, WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM THE NEARBY WOODS, RIDES A GROUP OF MASKED MEN...

EL LINDO-- THE HANDSOME ONE!

SI, SEÑOR! NOW TOSS DOWN THE CASH BOX BEFORE I MAKE YOU *NOT* SO HANDSOME, WITH A BULLET IN YOUR HEAD! *MUY RAPIDO!*



AND THAT NIGHT, AT A GUARDED EXPRESS OFFICE IN TOWN...

EL LINDO--AND HIS PURPLE RAIDERS! STOP 'EM-- UHHH!





ACTION COMICS

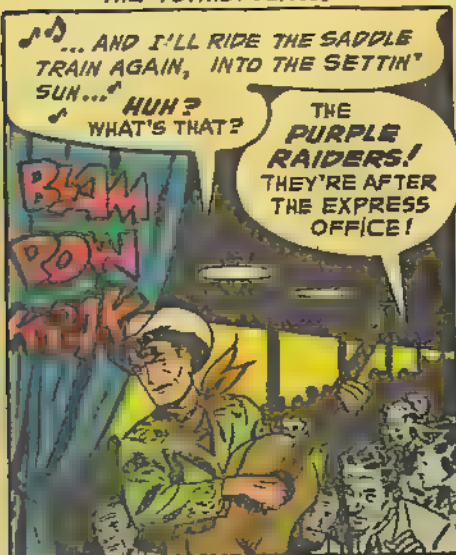


AT THIS VERY MOMENT, AT A CHARITY AFFAIR DOWN THE STREET, WHERE GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, ENTERTAINS THE TOWNSFOLK...

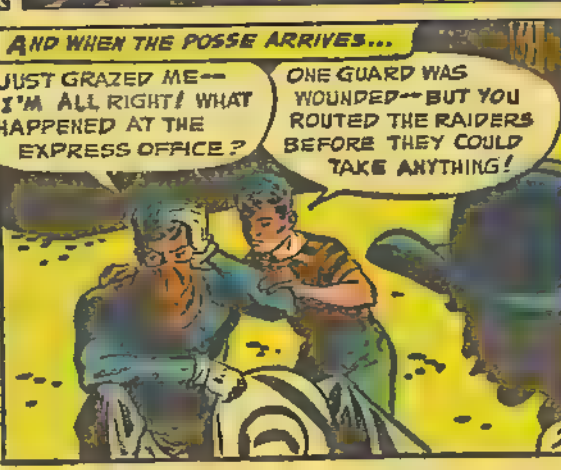
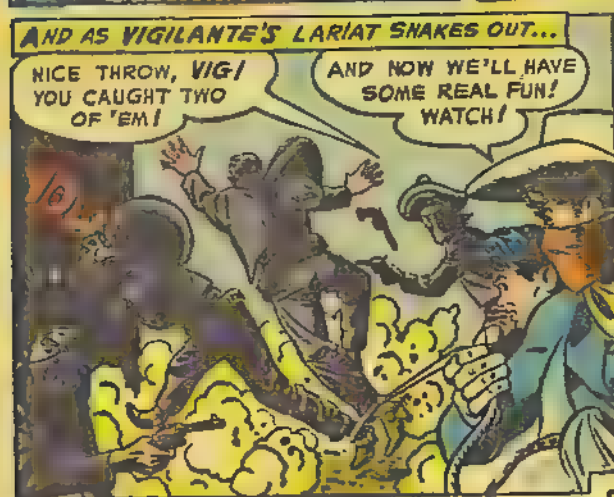
WITH HIS YOUNG SIDE-KICK, STUFF, THE FAMED SINGER RACES TO A NEARBY STABLE...

MOMENTS LATER...

HANG ON, STUFF... I SPOT 'EM UP AHEAD!



... AND THERE SWITCHES TO THE GARB OF VIGILANTE, GALLANT MASKED RIDER OF LAW AND ORDER!



THAT **EL LINDO'S** A MEAN ONE, **VIGILANTE!** HE MOVED INTO THIS TERRITORY ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO-- AFTER HE FLED FROM THE LAW IN HIS OWN COUNTRY-- AND ORGANIZED A TERRORIZING GANG!

AND NOBODY'S BEEN ABLE TO STOP THEM YET? WHY, SHERIFF?

'CAUSE WE DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY HOLE UP! EVERY TIME WE CHASE 'EM, THEY OUTRUN US AND THEN MYSTERIOUSLY - DISAPPEAR!

IN THAT CASE, OUR JOB'S TO FIND THEIR HIDING PLACE! LET'S GO, STUFF!

ALL THAT NIGHT, **VIGILANTE** FOLLOWS THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL-- TILL FINALLY, AS DAWN BREAKS...

NOW WHAT? THE TRAIL ENDS AT THIS STREAM!

NO IT DOESN'T! HERE--I'LL SHOW YOU!

SEE THESE STONES FROM THE RIVER'S BOTTOM? THEY'RE NICKED AND SCARRED BY THE SHOES OF HORSES!

THEN THE RAIDERS TOOK TO THE RIVER AND ROPE UPSTREAM! BUT WHERE COULD THEY HAVE GONE? THEY CERTAINLY DIDN'T JUMP THE FALLS!

KNOWING WATERFALLS, I DON'T THINK THEY HAD TO JUMP IT! LET'S HAVE A LOOK...

THERE WE ARE... A **CAVERN**--A PERFECT SETUP FOR "DISAPPEARING"! COME ON-- WE'RE GOING IN!

SHORTLY, INSIDE THE DARK, OMINOUS CAVE...

EASY NOW-- NO TELLING WHERE THEY ARE! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE 'EM BY SURPRISE!

UH-HUH...



ACTION COMICS



SUPPENLY, AS THEY TURN A BEND INTO A TORCH-LIT PASSAGEWAY...

WELCOME TO CRIPPLE HILL, SEÑOR VIGILANTE! AS I EXPECTED, YOU HAVE FOUND THE HIDEOUT WHICH NO OTHER MAN HAS BEEN ABLE TO FIND... BUT IT SHALL AVAIL YOU LITTLE!



AND A SHORT DISTANCE AHEAD...

YOU SEE-- ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME!

LIKE A FLY, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THE SPIDER'S WEB AS BEING LIKE HOME!



SO YOU'RE THE GREAT VIGILANTE, EH? MUY BUENO... AND I AM THE GREAT LINDO-- THE HANDSOME ONE! ONLY OUR CAREERS DIFFER... YOU ARE THE LAW-- I FLEE FROM THE LAW!

THE HOUNDS NEVER KNOW THE PLIGHT OF THE HARE, AMIGO--BUT YOU, A LAWMAN, SHALL KNOW THE PLIGHT OF A BANDIT... BECAUSE YOU WILL RIDE WITH US ON OUR RAIDS! I SHALL DISGRACE YOU IN THE EYES OF YOUR FELLOW LAWMEN!

NOR CAN YOU REFUSE, FOR IF YOU DO, THE MUCHACHO-- THE BOY-- DIES! QUE DICE-- WHAT DO YOU SAY?

RIDE WITH THEM, EH? MAYBE I WILL! AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO STRIKE BACK AT THEM!

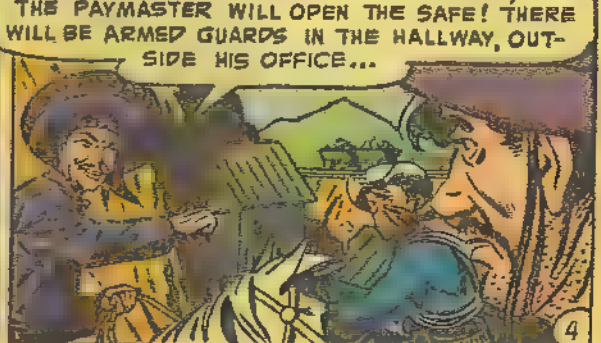
ALL RIGHT, ELLINDO-- YOU'VE GOT ME COLD! JUST DON'T HARM THE BOY!

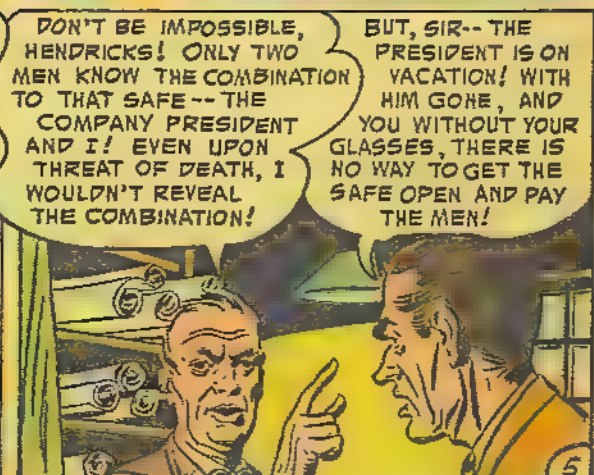
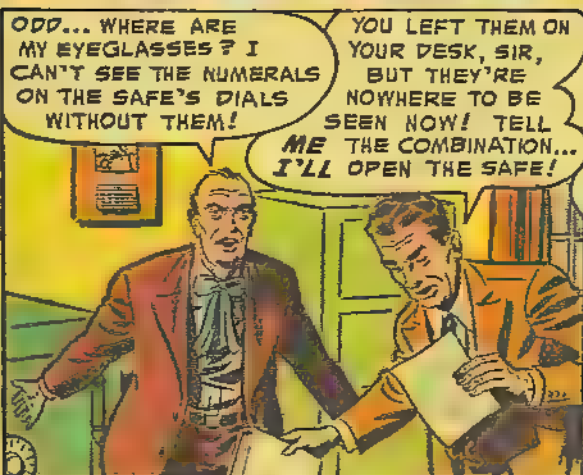
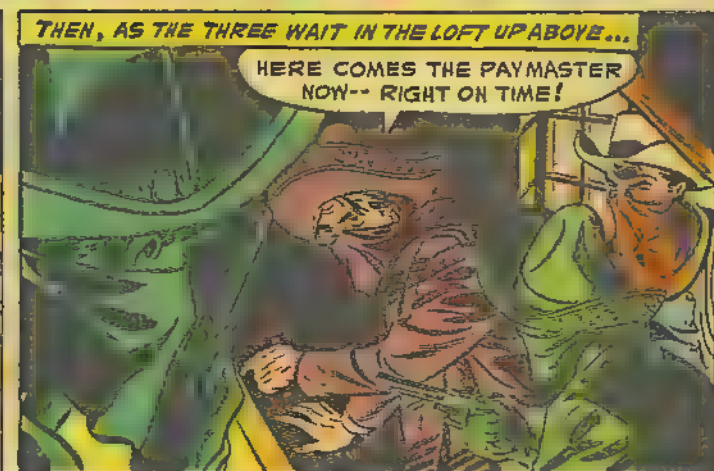
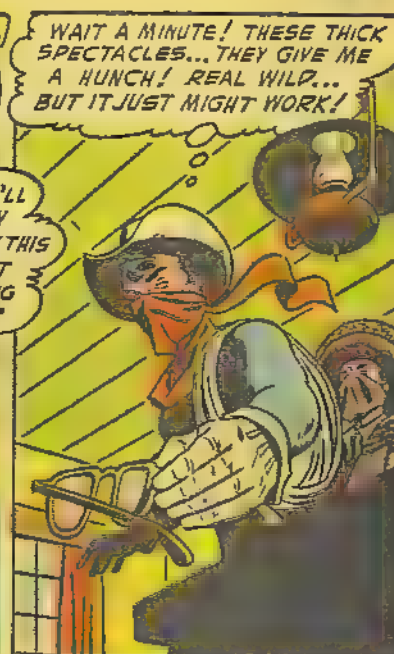
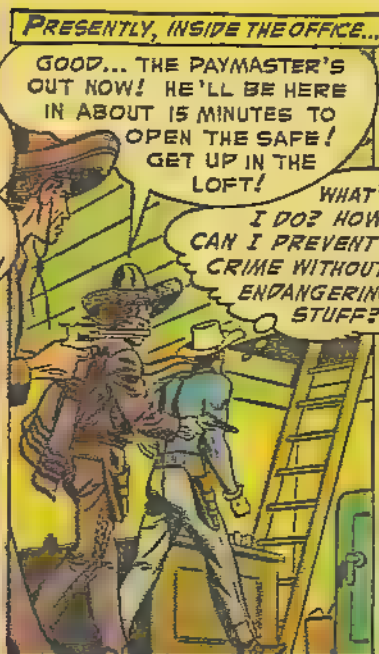
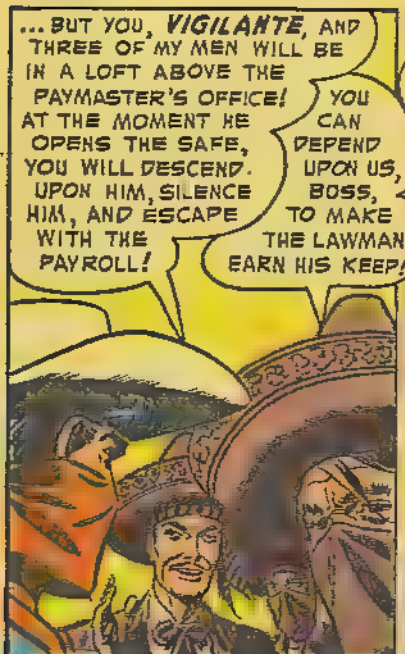


TIE THE BOY UP-- AND KEEP HIM LOCKED IN THE BACK ROOM! HE WILL BE OUR HOSTAGE! IF VIGILANTE ATTEMPTS TO THWART US, OR IF HE GETS TOO CLEVER, THE BOY IS TO DIE! AND NOW, AMIGOS, LET US RIDE!

IT IS THREE HOURS LATER WHEN THE BAND ARRIVES AT A HILL OVER-LOOKING A SPRAWLING IRON MINE...

THIS IS PAYDAY... AT 12 O'CLOCK SHARP, THE PAYMASTER WILL OPEN THE SAFE! THERE WILL BE ARMED GUARDS IN THE HALLWAY, OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE...

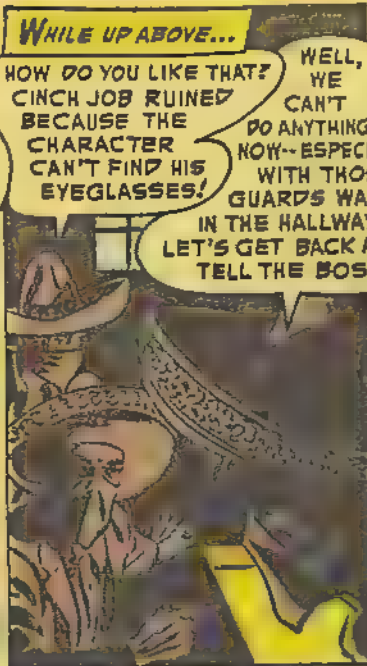






THEN THE SAFE REMAINS CLOSED UNTIL I SEE AN OCULIST AND GET NEW GLASSES! GIVE THE MEN CREDIT SLIPS SO THEY WON'T BE WITHOUT MONEY UNTIL TOMORROW!

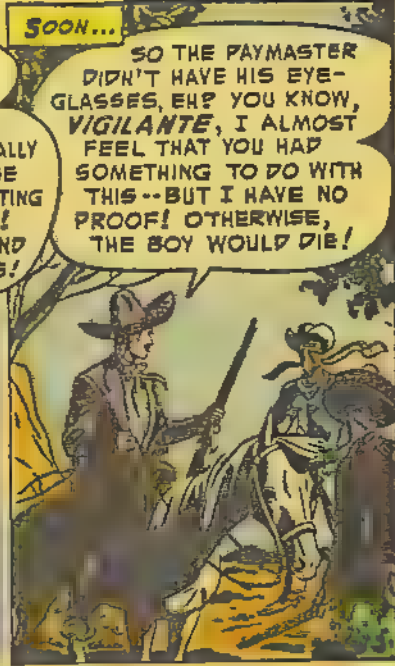
CREDIT SLIPS? YES, SIR-- AT ONCE, SIR!



WHILE UP ABOVE...

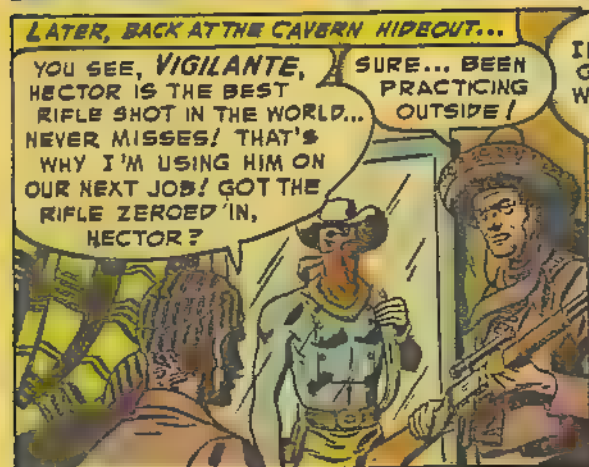
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? A CINCH JOB RUINED BECAUSE THE CHARACTER CAN'T FIND HIS EYEGGLASSES!

WELL, WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING NOW-- ESPECIALLY WITH THOSE GUARDS WAITING IN THE HALLWAY! LET'S GET BACK AND TELL THE BOSS!



SOON...

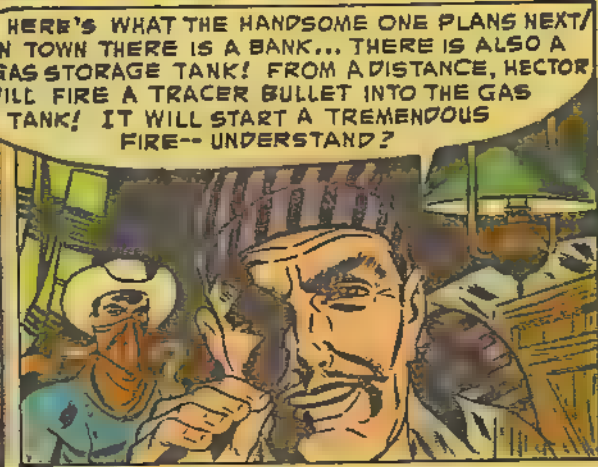
SO THE PAYMASTER DIDN'T HAVE HIS EYE-GLASSES, EH? YOU KNOW, **VIGILANTE**, I ALMOST FEEL THAT YOU HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS-- BUT I HAVE NO PROOF! OTHERWISE, THE BOY WOULD DIE!



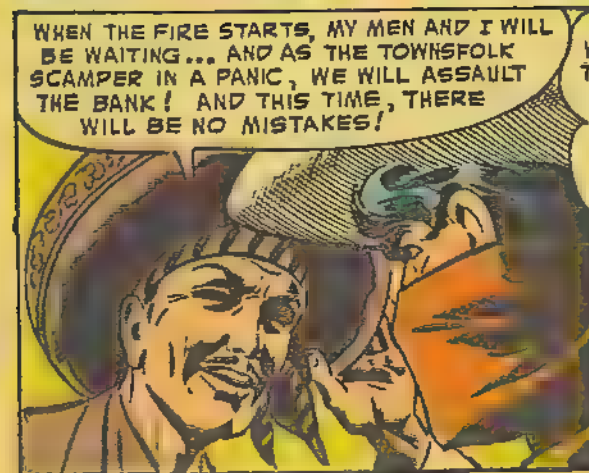
LATER, BACK AT THE CAVERN HIDEOUT...

YOU SEE, **VIGILANTE**, HECTOR IS THE BEST RIFLE SHOT IN THE WORLD... NEVER MISSES! THAT'S WHY I'M USING HIM ON OUR NEXT JOB! GOT THE RIFLE ZEROED IN, HECTOR?

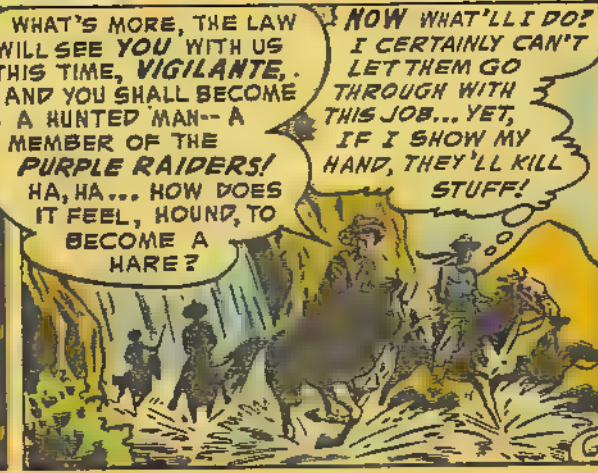
SURE... BEEN PRACTICING OUTSIDE!



HERE'S WHAT THE HANDSOME ONE PLANS NEXT/ IN TOWN THERE IS A BANK... THERE IS ALSO A GAS STORAGE TANK! FROM A DISTANCE, HECTOR WILL FIRE A TRACER BULLET INTO THE GAS TANK! IT WILL START A TREMENDOUS FIRE-- UNDERSTAND?



WHEN THE FIRE STARTS, MY MEN AND I WILL BE WAITING... AND AS THE TOWNSFOLK SCAMPER IN A PANIC, WE WILL ASSAULT THE BANK! AND THIS TIME, THERE WILL BE NO MISTAKES!



WHAT'S MORE, THE LAW WILL SEE YOU WITH US THIS TIME, **VIGILANTE**, AND YOU SHALL BECOME A HUNTED MAN-- A MEMBER OF THE **PURPLE RAIDERS**! HA, HA... HOW DOES IT FEEL, HOUND, TO BECOME A HARE?

NOW WHAT'LL I DO? I CERTAINLY CAN'T LET THEM GO THROUGH WITH THIS JOB... YET, IF I SHOW MY HAND, THEY'LL KILL STUFF!

How will **VIGILANTE** solve this one? That afternoon, in a woods near the town...

Now to make my move... hope it works!

Er... look out for that low-hanging limb!

As the others bend over, avoiding the limb, **VIGILANTE'S** hand reaches for the rifle sights, and...

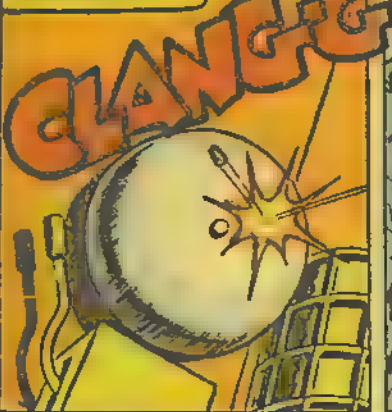
I've changed the sights by two degrees... that should throw **HECTOR'S** shot off a good six feet, at the distance he'll fire from!

Awhile later...

Here goes... one big beautiful fire! Soon as the boss hears the shot, he'll attack!

The shot should go to the left of the tank... where the fire alarm bell is located!

And just as **VIGILANTE** predicted...



Thus, when **ELLINDO** and his men come racing into town...

EH, something, wrong?

Who sounded the fire alarm?

Look! The purple raiders! After 'em, men!



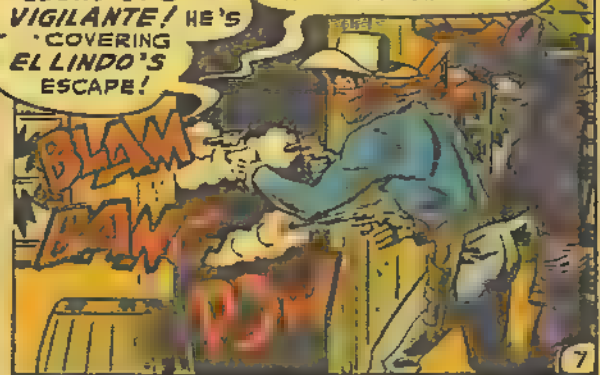
And when **VIGILANTE** and the other raiders arrive...

Here are two guns, **VIGILANTE**! Cover our retreat--or your boy dies! Silence those guns in the general store!

A moment later, the two guns roar savagely...

Shut up an' get down! He's a dead shot!

Look! It's **VIGILANTE**! He's covering **ELLINDO'S** escape!



THEN, AFTER THE MASKED
LAWMAN DEPARTS...

I--I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT...
VIGILANTE--
RIPIN' WITH
THE RAIDERS!

FUNNY... I THOUGHT
HE WAS A GOOD
SHOT... BUT HE
DIDN'T HIT ANY
OF US! HE JUST
HIT THE CANNED
GOODS ON THE
SHELF! SEE?



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE
CRIPPLE HILL CAVERN...

THINGS WENT
WRONG AGAIN,
AND WE'RE
GOING TO MOVE
OUT! BUT WE NO
LONGER NEED
VIGILANTE AND
THE BRAT! LET'S
DISPOSE OF
THEM NOW!



VIGILANTE'S
IN THE
OTHER
ROOM!
WE CAN
GET HIM
NOW!

QUICKLY OPENING A DOOR,
THE OUTLAW FIRES AT A
FAMILIAR BLUE-SHIRTED
FIGURE IN THE DARKNESS,
BUT...

YOU SHOT YOUR **MIRROR**,
MR. CONCEIT! THAT WAS
JUST A **REFLECTION** OF ME!
I FIGURED THIS WAS THE
PAYOFF, SO I WAS READY
FOR YOU!



AT THAT INSTANT...

HOLD IT! DON'T
ANYBODY MAKE
A MOVE...YOU'RE
ALL COVERED!

SHERIFF!
AM I GLAD
TO SEE
YOU!

THE SHERIFF?
BUT-- BUT HOW
DID HE KNOW
WE WERE
HERE?



AND SO, WITH THE RAIDERS SUBDUED...

YOU SEE, **EL LINDO**, WE THOUGHT **VIG**
DID SOME **BAD** SHOOTIN' BACK AT THE
GENERAL STORE! BUT WHEN WE LOOKED AT
THE CANS HE SHOT UP, WE REALIZED
WHAT HE **REALLY** DID...



IN SOME PRETTY GOOD TWO-GUN RAPID FIRE,
HE'D PUT HOLES IN THE LETTERS ON THESE
LABELS-- SPELLING OUT **CRIPPLE HILL**!
WE KNEW THEN IT WAS HIS WAY OF LETTIN'
US KNOW WHERE YOUR HIDEOUT WAS--SO
WE CAME HERE!



WE COULDN'T BELIEVE **YOU**
WOULD FIGHT AGAINST THE
LAW, **VIGILANTE**! SHORE
GLAD WE WERE RIGHT!
THANKS, HOMBRE,
FOR CRACKIN'
THE **PURPLE**
RAIDERS!

WITH A BIG ASSIST
FROM YOU, SHERIFF!
EH, STUFF?

AND HOW,
VIG! SO
VERY RIGHT!



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C.R.P., North Carolina



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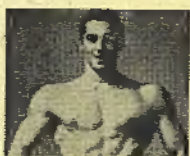
... and look what I did for them!



"My arms increased 1½"; chest 2¼"; fore-arm 1½."—C.S., W. Va.



"Gained 2" in neck; 1½" in biceps. Never felt better in my life."—J.S., Calif.



T.M., Atlas Cup Winner. "I'm proud of the way you made me an Atlas Champion."



A.H.,—Kans.—Atlas Cup Winner.



"I surprise my friends by out-lifting them."—D.F., Ind.



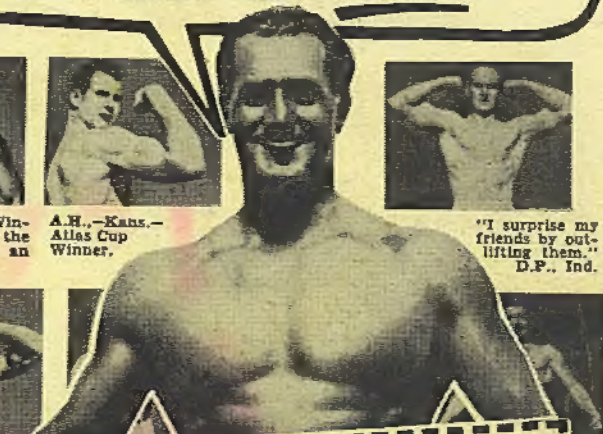
"When I started your course I weighed only 161. Now weigh 170."—T.K., New York.



"Here's my photo showing just how I look today. I owe it all to you!"—W.D., New York.



"Have put 3½" on chest (normal). 2½" expanded."—F.S., N.Y.



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